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The Sketch

No. 972. — Vol. LXXV.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



DANCER BEFORE THE CALIPH—AND THE CURTAIN: MISS NANCY DENVERS AS THE ALMAH IN "KISMET."

Miss Nancy Denvers dances not only before the Caliph in "Kismet," but before the curtain during one of the entr'actes. Unlike so many of those who dance in the Oriental manner, she is English.—[Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.]



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

MYSELF AS A PERFECT GUEST.

(With many thanks to a modest writer in a local paper.)

FOR me, the first week in September is one of the most anxious in the year. It is during those fateful seven days that I have to decide how and to what degree I shall distribute myself among those of my friends who own large, comfortable houses, with shooting and fishing of the best, and who really deserve the honour of entertaining me.

In the old days—say, fifteen or twenty years ago—no such difficulty presented itself. I was just as popular then, I hasten to add, as I am now (I could not be more so), but not half so fastidious. Given a first-rate chef, excellent wines, abundant head of game, well-stocked streams, and a group of the wittiest men and the prettiest girls, I could actually stay a whole week in Sutherlandshire, or Argyllshire, or West Wales.

Those weeks, in their way, were good enough. I seldom got sick of my host before the Wednesday; if I did, I was sufficiently young and active to avoid him. Nowadays, the very thought of so prolonged a visit, even under the most favourable conditions, makes me feel physically ill. I would do it if I could for the sake of my friends, to whom my annual visits mean two thorough swoons—one of joy on my arrival, and the other of agony on my departure. But I must be quite frank about the matter: I cannot stick De Montmorency Smythe in Ross and Cromarty longer than forty-eight hours, and as for the dear old Laird, who lives in Invernessshire, one night under his friendly roof disgusts me with the old boy for a year.

It is true that he gives me of his best. It is true that I sleep in his own room, monopolise the services of his valet, order the dinner myself, drink quantities of his port and old brandy, and fill my case on leaving with a dozen or so of his five-shilling cigars. But, to a man like myself, such a visit means comparative wretchedness. Strictly speaking, it is a charity to look in on the old fellow.

Tactless Hosts and Hostesses.

Many hosts and hostesses make the unpardonable mistake of intruding their own personalities. They appear to think that, merely because one happens to be staying in their houses, they have a right to control one's movements during the day. "Control," perhaps, is too strong a word, but I have known misguided men and women to suggest, in the morning, that one should do this or that, go here or there.

When such a thing happens, I immediately ring the bell, order my suit-cases to be packed and my car to be brought round to the door, and that house is promptly expunged from my list. Nothing is more annoying, on the part of a host or hostess, than this assertion of individuality. One remembers their names; one even knows them by sight; but the last thing one wishes is to be brought into any sort of contact with them.

If I had my way, certain rooms in each country-house should be set aside for the host and hostess, and they would be expected to confine themselves to those rooms. The host would have his secretary, a typist, and a telephone. He could interview his butler, and his keepers, and his head-chauffeur. These duties attended to, he could slip out for a quiet walk by himself. The hostess's rooms would be near the servants' quarters. She would supervise every detail of the domestic arrangements; in the case of a nervous man like myself, she would personally see to it that my sheets were

well aired and my rooms free from draught. Later, she would find recreation in a harmless novel or a little fancy-work.

A Prediction.

I venture to predict that such a host and hostess, if they will only be careful to have everything, both indoors and out-of-doors, of the very best, will never lack visitors at this time of the year. It is an acknowledged fact that the task of finding sufficient people of the right sort—my own sort—to fill a house in September grows harder and harder each year. I have already indicated the reason. Guests simply will not stand this assumption of equality on the part of the host and hostess. Those days are gone for ever. For my own part, I could not name, offhand, more than fifteen houses in which the host and hostess have reduced themselves to a cipher. This is very serious. Still, let these remarks of mine be widely distributed, carefully noted, and faithfully acted upon, and the country-house party may yet survive.

Where the Wasp has No Chance.

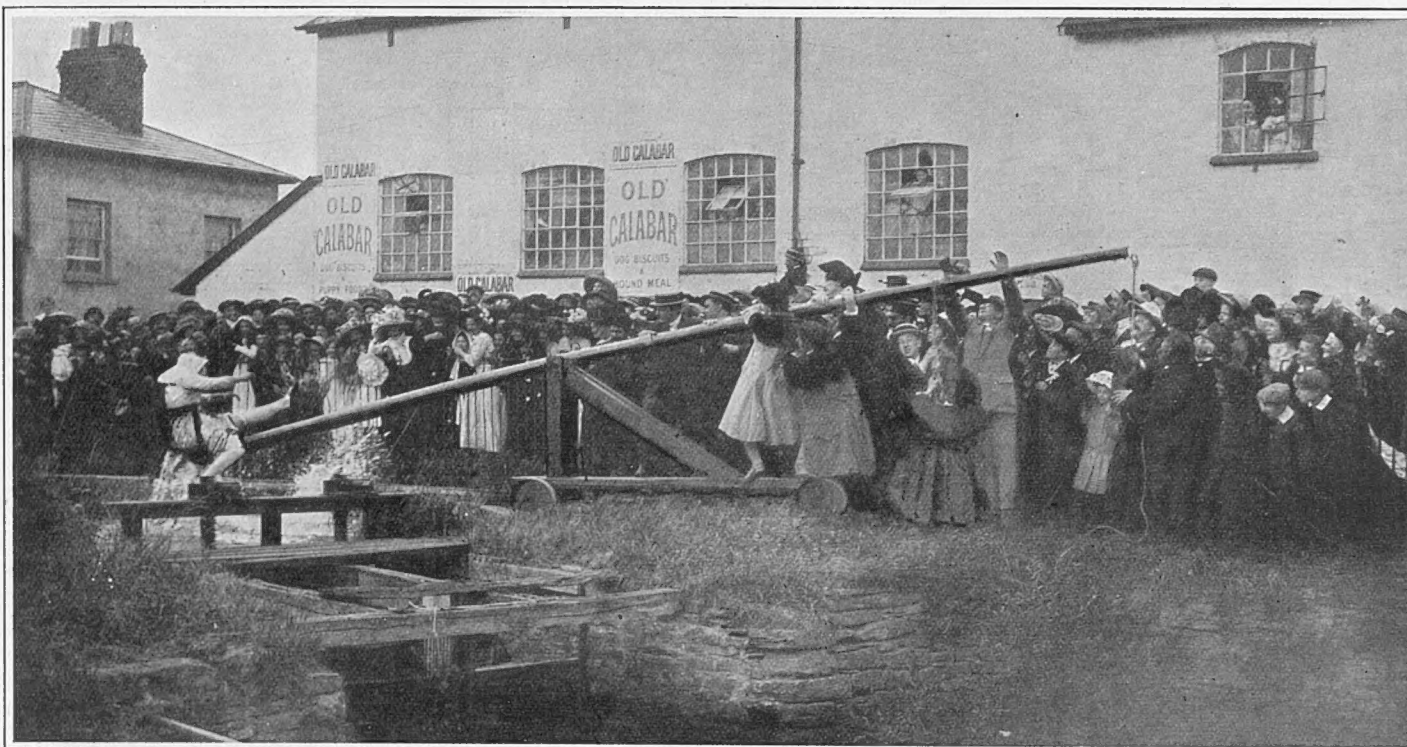
In England we suffer untold torments in hot summers by reason of the "plague of wasps." In Scotland they are too clever for the wasp. This is not surprising. Anybody who knows the Scottish really well would be far more surprised if they knuckled under to such an insignificant foe. But they do not hit at them with newspapers, or try to suffocate them, or even locate their nests. Their plan is far simpler; at any rate, it is far simpler in Rothesay. From that beautiful spot comes the news of a man who has rid his country of more than a million wasps. Yet he has made no attack upon them of any sort whatever.

Here is his method. "He places large glass bottles, containing a little jelly or jam at the bottom, in different parts of his garden; and so eager are the wasps to get at the bait that they crowd in dense masses, crushing each other to death in the struggle. Sometimes the bottle is filled to the neck with the trapped insects." Tell me, friend the reader, would an Englishman ever have thought of that? You know very well that he would not.

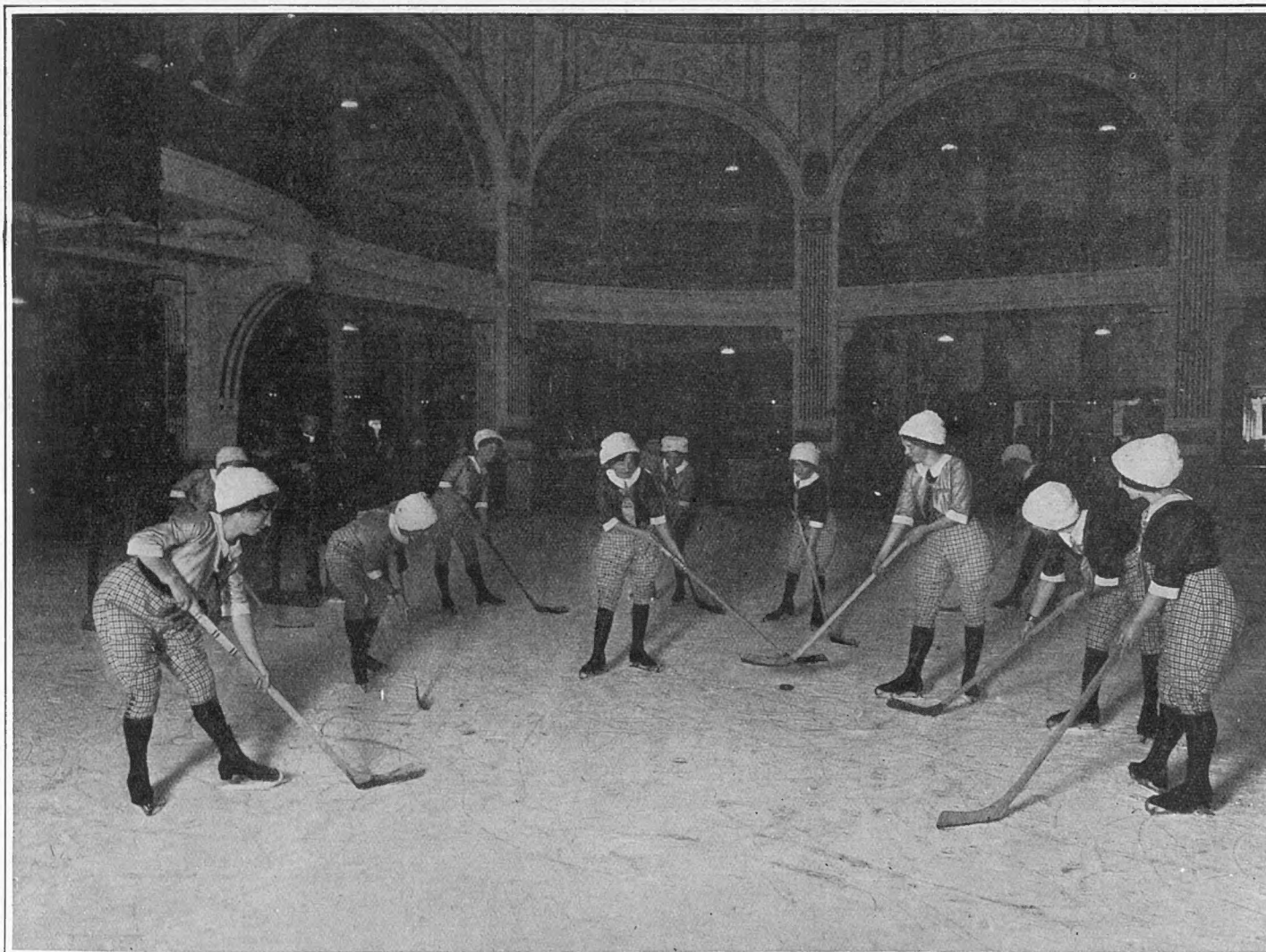
"The Kimono Bodice."

Englishwomen, too, of an economical turn of mind would do well to take in a Scottish paper. I have just come across a charming recipe for a handy garment, entitled "The Kimono Bodice." "The other day," writes the clever tipster, "I had occasion to look out a frock which I had made more than four years ago. It was of silk, and had a long skirt of the picture variety, so it, of course, was all right. As for the bodice—a kimono—it might have been made for this season, so up to date did it look. And I suppose (at least, I hope) it will look just as fashionable for some time to come." (I am sure I hope so too, dear lady.) "The kimono," she continues brightly, "is to be recommended, on account of its lasting qualities. Again, one dress can be made to do duty for two. It could be worn at an afternoon party or a wedding, while the same frock, fitted with a transparent slip of white net or lace, might be donned for the theatre or for a small evening at-home." At a pinch, no doubt, you could put it on over a bathing-dress or even sleep in it. At any rate, it is obvious that the kimono bodice is the very thing for smart people with limited incomes. I only wish men could dress so easily, so cheaply, and so becomingly. I am tired of travelling round with seven ulsters of varying thicknesses.

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE NEW: A DUCKING; AND DUCKS (ON ICE).



THE OLD WOMAN: DUCKING A SCOLD—AN OLD PUNISHMENT AS RECENTLY ILLUSTRATED.

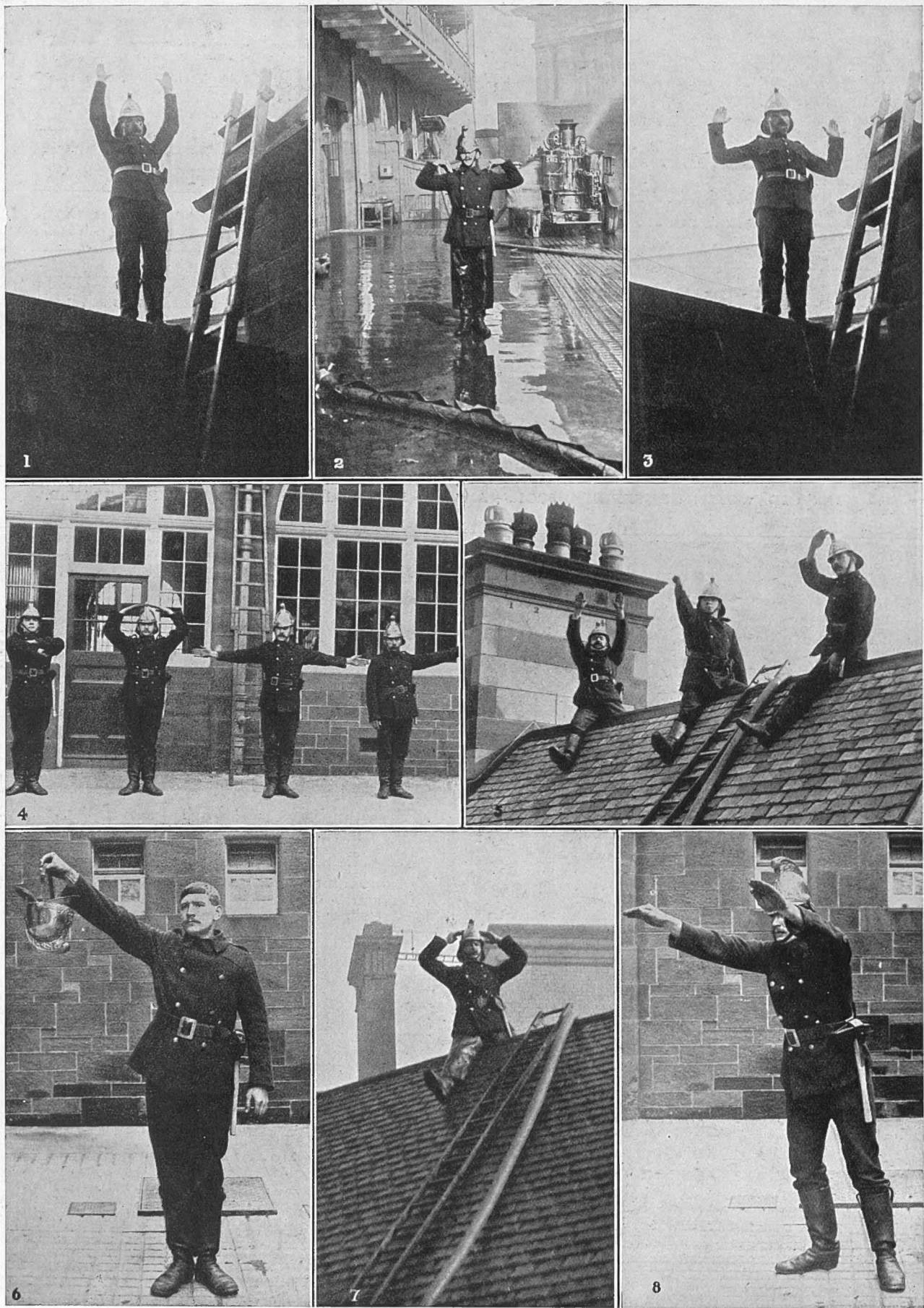


[Photo. Scherl.]

THE NEW WOMAN: A TEAM OF LADIES PLAYING ICE-HOCKEY IN THE BERLIN ICE PALACE.

The upper photograph suggests what might have been the fate of a Suffragette in an English town a hundred years ago. It shows a practical representation of a ducking recently given at Leominster, Herefordshire, a duplicate of the original Ducking-Stool, still preserved in the Priory Church there, being used for the purpose. The dresses worn by those who took part in the performance were of the period when the stool was in general use. Some thousands of people witnessed the event. The Ducking-Stool is one of the most ancient English methods of correction, and was used especially to punish shrews, scolds, and brawling women. The last ducking took place at Leominster in 1809, when one Jenny Pipes was paraded through the town and ducked in the river by order of the magistrates. Her first words on emerging from the water consisted, it is said, of oaths and curses on the magistrates. In such cases the ducking was generally repeated until the culprit's loquacity was effectually quenched. The lower photograph, showing a game of ice-hockey at Berlin, speaks for itself—fairly loudly, too, as regards the checks on the knickerbockers.

SILENT ORDERS FOR THE FIREMEN: SIGNALS ADOPTED BY THE EDINBURGH FIRE BRIGADE.



1. "ALL RIGHT, MESSAGE UNDERSTOOD."

4. "DO YOU WANT MORE HOSE ON THE ROOF?"

2. "ALL HANDS WANTED."

5. "YES; ADVANCE THE HOSE."

7. "MORE HOSE WANTED."

3. "MESSAGE NOT UNDERSTOOD."

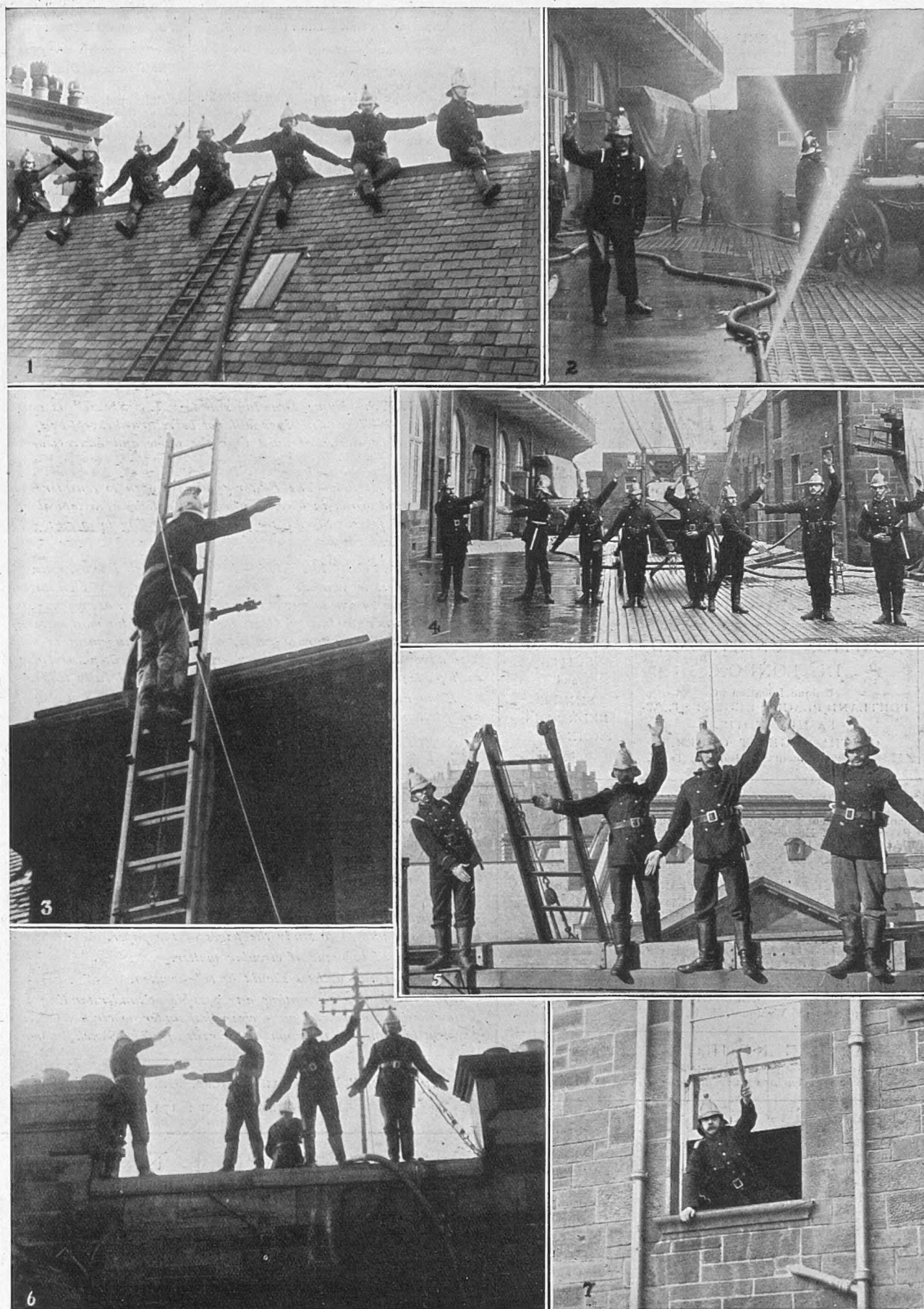
6. "SMOKE-HELMET WANTED."

8. "WELL ALIGHT."

It is obviously difficult for fire-brigade officers and men to make themselves heard above the roar of a great fire. Hence the Edinburgh Fire Brigade's adoption of an ingenious system of signalling, certain examples of which are reproduced here and on the opposite page.—[Photographs by Chas. J. Clarke.]

HUMAN SEMAPHORES: FIREMEN SIGNALLING THEIR WANTS.

THE EDINBURGH FIRE BRIGADE'S CODE.



1. "WANTED. SCALING-LADDER. ROOF."

4. "LINE OF HOSE WANTED UP THE FIRE-
ESCAPE. URGENT."

2. CALL TO MEN TO REPLACE A BURST HOSE.

5. "ESCAPE MAKE UP, OR LOWER ESCAPE
AND MAKE UP."

3. "TURN ON THE WATER."

6. "LINE OR ROPE WANTED."

7. "SMALL-FIRE PREVENTER WANTED."

The burst-hose signal is given by swinging the arm in a circle. It should be understood that under ordinary conditions the messages requiring a number of signs are given by one man, who "semaphores" sign after sign.—[Photographs by Chas. J. Clarke.]

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Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

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September 13, 1911.

Signature.....



The Delhi Durbar. No doubt the rumour which obtained currency that the Delhi Durbar was to be postponed in consequence of the failure of the crops near Delhi had its rise from the orders given to many of the Indian regiments to stand fast at their present posts instead of moving in the autumn to the Mogul capital. Every officer who was told that his regiment was not to go to Delhi took it for granted that the Durbar would not take place. The ship which is to carry the King-Emperor is almost ready for her Imperial passengers, and all the other big vessels of the lines which run to India will be full of distinguished people during October and November. From Delhi I hear that the preparations for the camps are being pushed forward energetically. The figures which my correspondent gives me are astonishing. The Durbar area comprises twenty-five square miles. The State reception-pavilion of the King-Emperor covers a space 165 feet by 92 feet. Steel girders, painted white and gold, take the place of ordinary poles to support this magnificent tent. This great shamiana and all the other tents of the Emperor and Empress are to be lined with Star of India blue.

The Empress's Garden. Amidst all the grandeur and the vast buildings and tents that are being erected there will be one spot of quiet, simple beauty. This is the private pleasure-garden which is being laid out close to the tents of the Queen-Empress as a place of rest for her Majesty, should she grow weary of the glare and the noise, the music and the processions, and all the labyrinth of formalities which a great Durbar necessitates. A well-known amateur lady gardener—Miss Pirrie, of Lucknow—is superintending the laying-out of this garden of flowering shrubs, and an Indian garden in the winter-time can be very beautiful.



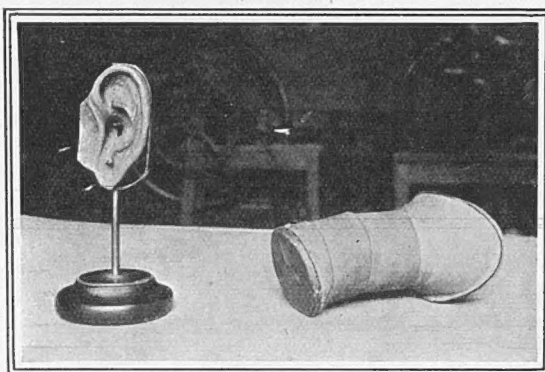
EVERY MAN HIS OWN CALL-OFFICE: ABOUT TO FIX THE POCKET TELEPHONE TO A PLUG IN THE WALL.

For the latest form of telephony plugs can be set in a wall anywhere for use in conjunction with a pocket apparatus. Thus the old form of call-office might be abolished, and those wishing to make calls at odd times and in various places be provided with the portable attachment at a certain fixed price.

Photograph by Reclam.

The Curtailed Indian Manœuvres. It is not so much the lack of food as the difficulty of the distribution of food that the Government have to face in times of scarcity or famine in India. There is always an abundance of food-stuffs to be obtained somewhere in the Indian Empire, but during most of the great famines it has been the difficulty, with starving transport animals, to move the food from railway centres out into the districts where the peasants are dying for want of it. It is just this difficulty which makes the addition of some hundreds of thousands of extra mouths to feed in the Delhi district undesirable during the coming winter, when something very like a famine will have to be guarded against. At the time of the last great Durbar, in 1903, the Delhi railway-station had not sufficient sidings and platforms to enable the staff to distribute all the equipment and food-stuffs which were brought to the central station by train after

train. The lines were blocked with trucks, food-stuffs decayed, innumerable geese and fowls and turkeys and ducks were set at liberty from crates to save them from starvation, and some of the regiments never received their equipment. This year, any congestion has been guarded against by the making of new stations and new lines and sidings; but there can be no doubt as to the wisdom of curtailing the manœuvres and of bringing a smaller number of troops to Delhi.



DESCRIBED AS THE EARLIEST TELEPHONE: THE HUMAN EAR RECEIVER AND THE SPEAKING-TUBE ATTACHMENT, INVENTED BY PHILIPP REIS IN 1861.

It is generally accepted that the telephone was invented in 1876 by Alexander Graham Bell, but it is on record that the art of reproducing sounds at a distance by means of electricity was first discovered in 1861 by Philipp Reis. It will be seen that that scientist made his receiver in the form of a human ear. The mouthpiece had an end covered with gold-beater's skin.

Photograph by Reclam.

The Star and Garter Hotel. It is good news to all people who love a beautiful view that the Star and Garter Hotel has been sold, and is once again to become a big residential hotel. The view from the terrace is almost a national asset, and if heat-waves are going to form part of our summers in years to come, there can be no pleasanter dining-place after a day of burning heat than the space before the hotel, which commands the wooded landscape, with the river winding through it like a silver ribbon. This generation has not known the Star and Garter at its best, but "Ouida" used to send her Guardsmen to dine there, and amidst the lumber in the cellars under the great Assembly Room I saw, a couple of years ago, the decorations—or what was left of them—that were used in the days when the balls at the Star and Garter were wonderfully smart gatherings.

Royal Portugal. It was not to be expected that the partisans of the Royal House of Portugal would accept the establishment of the Republic without making some attempt to restore the old régime. King Manoel has never abdicated his throne, and his followers consider him as much their king in his villa at Richmond as he would be were he once again in the Necessidades Palace at Lisbon. The astonishing part of the present ferment on the borders of Portugal

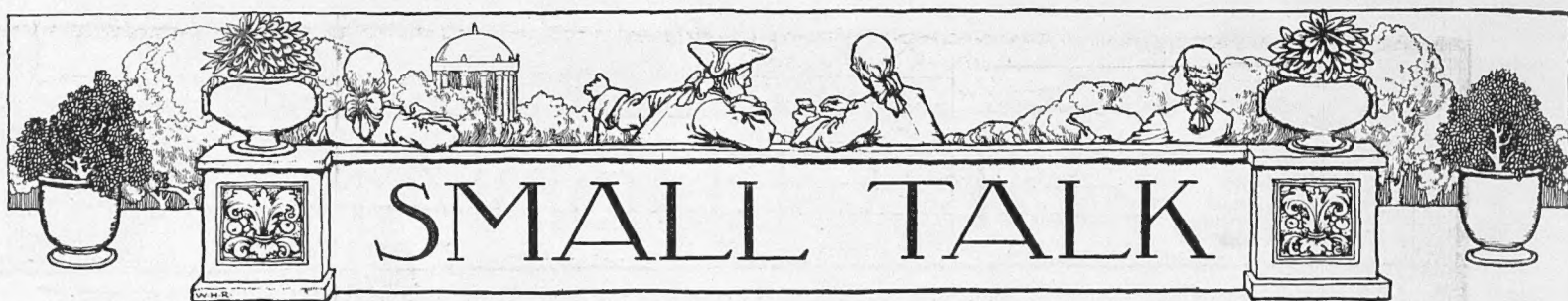
and in various European and American centres is the amount of money which has been forthcoming to arm and equip possible royalist expeditions. The arms of all kinds seized during the present year when they were about to be smuggled into Portugal from Spain must have cost an enormous sum, and, from this and other potent signs, it is most obvious that there are many ready and willing to give lives and fortunes for the cause of their exiled King. It is said that Brazil contains many rich loyalists who have produced large sums to be used in placing King Manoel once again upon his throne. All the stormy petrels, the young soldiers of fortune, those Britons who are to be found in the midst of the fighting whenever and wherever a revolution takes place, are ready to start for Portugal as soon as the first gun is fired. The recognition of the Republic by Europe—in which France has led the way—is just now of supreme importance to the Republicans.



THE WAISTCOAT-POCKET TELEPHONE IN USE: HOLDING A CONVERSATION AFTER HAVING FIXED THE ATTACHMENT TO THE WALL PLUG.

The apparatus is so small that it can be carried in the waistcoat pocket. When it is desired to give a call that part of it which is the microphone is fastened to the wall plug, while the receiver, of course, is held to the ear. The uses of the device are very obvious.

Photograph by Reclam.



THE elder brother of Viscount Iveagh, Lord Ardilaun has been, like most of his relatives, in Dublin for a part of the season. The capital knows him well, and one of his name need never go far a-field for an Irish home. The town is sprinkled with buildings that owe their standing to Guinness guineas. An American lately in Dublin was taken first to the school set up by the Guinnesses, then to the Cathedral restored by them, then to the family brewery. "This is really wonderful," said he; "you seem to run education, salvation, and damnation all in one show."

A Dog's Life.

A dog is, perhaps, more interesting than a dogma to the man-in-the-street. At any rate, a Canon of Westminster Cathedral

a certain amount of horse-play. One of the party, proud as the Village Blacksmith of his brawny arms, pushed another against a noble building, and held him there. "Great heavens!" cried the man next the wall, suddenly glancing up at the retreating structure above him; "see what we're doing." All gazed horror-struck up the sloping side towards the sky, and then they fled. They took train the next morning without waiting to learn the extent of the damage they had done.

Lord Ardilaun's Bargain.

Certain considerations smoothed the way for the sale of the lovely Muckross estate to the happy San Franciscan who buys it for his daughter, Mrs. Arthur Vincent. In the first place, there is no heir to the Ardilaun peerage; secondly, Lord Ardilaun had only a ten-year-old affection for the place, since he acquired it in 1901; thirdly, he was offered £50,000 for it; and lastly, he retains another and equally, if not more, beautiful corner of Ireland for his own. Ashford, Connemara, extends for about two miles along a lough shore, has a tower, a view, and peasantry (to say nothing of the noted pheasantry) stocked with enough folk-lore to keep Mr. Yeats and Lady Gregory busy with "copy" for the National Theatre of Ireland for a dozen years or more.

Heart of Oakes. Mr. Henniker-Heaton heard at Carlsbad of the engagement of his son, Lieutenant Arthur Henniker-Heaton, R.N., and of Vera, daughter of Mrs. Oakes, of 7, Norfolk Street, Park Lane, and was nearly as much refreshed by the good news as by the waters he has drunk in season for the last twenty-six years. The offer of a safe seat in Parliament does not any longer tempt the veteran Postal Reformer to return to Westminster. It was not always so. Of old, he pined among the pine-woods to be back in the fray, tilting against the G.P.O., and, arriving at St. Stephen's, could boast with an Achilles: "They shall know the difference now that I am back again." And they did. Now it is possible for Mr. Heaton to receive, as he did the other day, a letter ending: "I remain (unlike the stamp on this envelope when it reaches you), your attached friend, — — —." And the stamp was missing, and the recipient swore a smiling oath—"By gum!"



TO MARRY MISS MARGARET ELIZABETH MACLEAN: MR. IVONE KIRKPATRICK-CALDECOT.

Mr. Kirkpatrick-Caldecot, of Holtoncum-Becker Hall, Lincolnshire, is a son of the late Mr. John Kirkpatrick, of Monk's Horton Park, Kent. He is in the Civil Service of Sarawak.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.

would have to do something decidedly startling before he could persuade editors to publish his portrait as profusely as they have published the portraits of their three canine friends—the watchdogs of the Cathedral. The Archbishop is at present away "in retreat," and his devotions will not be disturbed by the thought of pilferers in the Cathedral; but the *pater-nosters* of the belated worshipper in some side-chapel of the vast new building have for accompaniment the patter of the feet of the church-dogs. Their installation was not unaccompanied by certain heartburnings on the part of the more tender-hearted occupants of the adjoining Priests' House; and one old cleric, with a compassion for the burglar which would have edified the author of "Les Misérables," protested to the Archbishop. "Your Grace," he said, "will one morning enter the Cathedral and find a large and lethargic dog sleeping beside a pair of boots."

Green Pisans. Many are the tales of the haphazard treatment accorded to Europe by the swift American tourist. The talk of two ladies from Buffalo was overheard the other day on the Rialto. "Say, is it Tuesday or Wednesday?" asked one. "Why, Tuesday," replied the second.

"Then this is Venice," volunteered her friend, consulting her itinerary; "on Wednesday it'll be Florence." From Pisa, by way of San Francisco, comes another story, of two or three young American men and a leaning tower. The young men were making their way on foot from Pisa Station to their hotel. Being in the best of spirits, they zig-zagged along the starlit streets with



DAUGHTER OF THE FIRST LORD BURTON AND A PEERESS IN HER OWN RIGHT: BARONESS BURTON.

Lady Burton, who is the daughter of the late Lord Burton, was formerly Miss Nellie Lisa Bass. She married, in 1894, Colonel James Evan Bruce Baillie, formerly M.P. for Inverness-shire, a relative of the Earl of Elgin. She has two sons and one daughter. Lord Burton's second peerage, bestowed in 1897, passed at his death, in default of male issue, to his daughter and her male issue.

Photograph by Thomson.



TO MARRY MISS MARY AUGUSTA CHISHOLM: CAPTAIN HENRY CECIL PRESCOTT.

Captain Henry Cecil Prescott, who is to marry Miss Chisholm on the 14th, is in the Indian Army Imperial Police.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN HENRY CECIL PRESCOTT: MISS MARY AUGUSTA CHISHOLM.

Miss Chisholm's present home is at Lewiston, Bexhill. The wedding is arranged to take place on the 14th.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MR. IVONE KIRKPATRICK-CALDECOT: MISS MARGARET ELIZABETH MACLEAN.

Miss MacLean is a daughter of the Rev. G. G. MacLean, of Jervis Lodge, Swanmore, Hants. Her father has been Vicar of Nutley, Sussex; Southrop, Gloucestershire; and Wadhurst, Sussex.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.



PRIVATE SECRETARY TO QUEEN ALEXANDRA: COLONEL HENRY STREATFEILD, M.V.O.

Colonel Streatfeild recently succeeded the Hon. Sidney Greville as Queen Alexandra's Private Secretary.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

LIGHTNING POST: AIR-BORNE MAILS AT 105 MILES AN HOUR.



1. THE WINGED POSTMAN ABOUT TO TAKE FLIGHT: MR. HAMEL'S MONOPLANE JUST BEFORE THE START AT HENDON.

3. BETTER THAN THE CARRIER-PIGEON: THE AERIAL POST LEAVING HENDON.

2. THE FIRST AERIAL POSTMAN IN ENGLAND, MR. HAMEL, TAKEN AFTER ALIGHTING AT WINDSOR.

4. THE FIRST DELIVERY OF THE AERIAL POST: HANDING THE MAILS TO THE POSTMASTER OF WINDSOR OUTSIDE THE CASTLE.

The most striking result of the successful inauguration of the aerial post on Saturday was the extraordinary speed at which it was proved that the mails could be carried through the air. Mr. Hamel accomplished the distance from Hendon to Windsor—twenty-one miles—in a little over twelve minutes, or at the wonderful speed of a hundred and five miles an hour. Even this does not represent Mr. Hamel's record for speed on other occasions. The mail-bag, weighing 23½ lb., was handed to the aerial postman, with due official formalities, at 4.45, and at 4.58 he rose in the air and flew off, rising to a height of about 1300 feet. There was a strong wind and he had two narrow escapes from being overturned. On arriving at Windsor, he handed the mails to Mr. A'Vard, the postmaster, and shortly afterwards made a return flight to Hendon, where he arrived just before half-past six.—[Photographs by C.N. and Newspaper Illustrations.]



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.



THIS week's recipe for long life: Eat lemons at breakfast, dinner, and supper. But don't do it in front of a German band.

THE COMING OF THE CRINOLINE.

(The crinoline skirt, banished since the days of our grandmothers, is now definitely coming into vogue again.) It appears that Monsieur Jupon, who at present is in Brittany

Evolving modern fashions from the fashions that have been,

In spite of all the thumping on his brain-pan, has not hit any

More luminous conception than re-viving crinoline.

He professes to observe in hoops enormous possibilities (They'll be possibly enormous, as were those of Monsieur Worth); But to speak of hoops as Persian is the crudest of futilities, For Parisian and not Persian is the city of their birth.

If you'd know the comic figures that were cut by mid-Victorians, And the frightful indiscretions that were frequently on view, You've but to turn the pages of that best of all historians—

The gems of social satire that John Leech's pencil drew.

The modern girl will never swathe her legs in this monstrosity,

Less pleasing than the harem or the hobble skirt; and yet

It certainly would put a stop, if not to the verbosity,

At least to the ju-jitsu of the Fighting Suffragette.

Anyhow, if the crinoline does come in again it will do away with the daily spokeshave which was rendered necessary by the narrow skirt. The hockey girl will be able to let her ankles grow again.

A statistician calculates that 200,000 people play golf, and spend 7,000,000 golden sovereigns a year in doing so. That means £35 per head for every man, woman, and Parklangley baby. No wonder the Scotch exported the game.



cap-and-gown, but it has ordered bells to be rung when they get into difficulties in the sea. Surely these signs of rejoicing at such a moment are unnecessarily brutal!

This is too bad. Here have we been "swatting" flies all the summer, and now a scientific joker has discovered a new English fly, which, he says, is altogether new to the scientific world. The one grain of comfort is that no doubt the scientific world threw itself incontinently upon the critter, and jabbed a pin through its midriff before it could say knife.



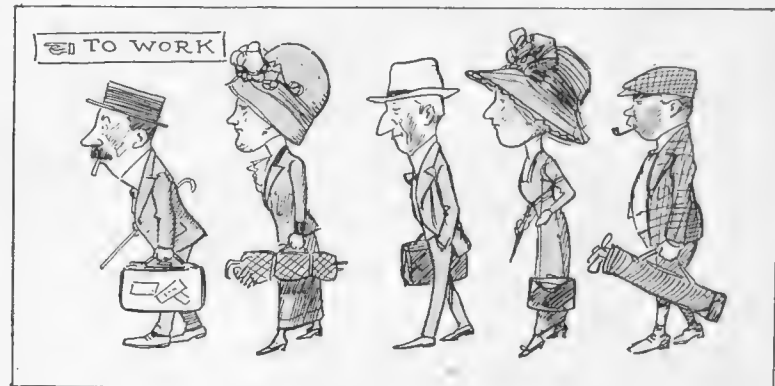
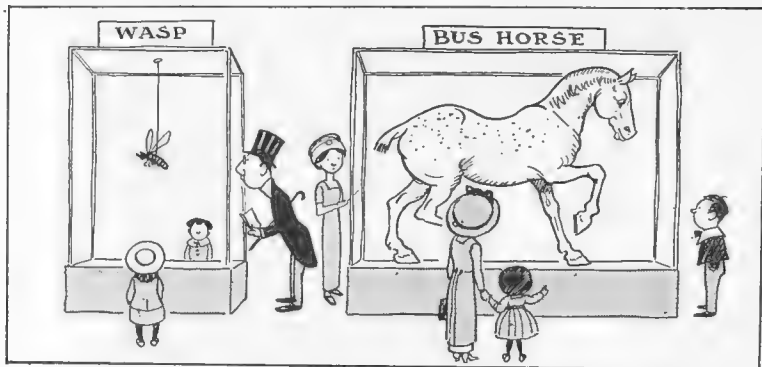
A clergyman in Herefordshire has a maize-plant nearly nine feet high, with three well-developed ears. And to think that man, the heir of all the ages, can only grow a couple of them to stick his cigarettes behind!

A perfectly white blackbird is reported from Huntingdon. A half-and-half blackbird is called a magpie, so a white one ought to be called an outer. Anyhow, if it is white it cannot be black, unless its feathers turned white in a single night, and then it ought to have a ticket on it.

BACK TO WORK—AND REST.

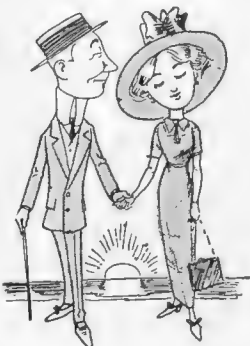
The holidays are over;
From Paris and Lucerne,
Across the Straits of Dover,
The wanderers return.

They come from Littlehampton,
And from the Isle of Man,
From meadows that they camped on,
From skiff and caravan.



Be quick and get a snapshot of a wasp while you can, for the queen wasps are going to be exterminated this autumn at a cost of from £2 to £5, according to the size of the parish. Soon we shall have to go to the Natural History Museum to see stuffed specimens of those two extinct monsters: the wasp and the London 'bus-horse.

This is how a Paris physician explains in the *Evening News* why young people make foolish engagements at the seaside. "In the quiet semi-solitude of the seashore [Margate?] mental vibrations are lessened and become more regular, the brain works more slowly, the nerves distend themselves, vanished sensitiveness returns, sociability reappears, stiffness is relaxed." Bless us, Percy, it was lucky you heard the tinkly office-bell a-calling before more damage was done.



More copyright infringement: The Mayor and City Council of Gridley, Kan., have made it unlawful for any person to punch another person with thumb, finger, stick, or other thing in the manner commonly known as tickling. All this verbiage merely conceals the immortal request, "Stop yer tickling, Jock."

Skegness U.D.C. does not think it necessary to make its visitors bathe in

From all the August places
To which the English roam
They turn their sunburnt faces
With one accord for home.

Fagged by pursuit of pleasure
With too intense a zest,
They seek in work for leisure,
In office hours for rest.

The Duke of Portland has come gallantly to the rescue. He has grown carrots four feet long, beans a foot long, and tomatoes as big as cricket-balls. Thanks; we have recovered consciousness. This makes up for the slackness of the Giant Gooseberry.

Menti-culture, the new craze, teaches laughter and smiles, which shake the diaphragm and give healthful motion to the digestive organs. After all, it appears to be nothing more than the good old Self-help by Smiles.

A certain novel has been excluded from a public library in New York on the ground that it is stupid. Who is to be the judge of a stupid novel?—a stupid committee?

The *Lokal Anzeiger* says that Britons are a craven race, with which Germans need not fear to measure their strength either on land or sea. Well, well! A few years ago, when the Germans were being kicked about South-West Africa by a few hundred bare-backed niggers, they were not too proud to ask this craven race to help them out of their difficulties.



"PROUD TO BE AN ENGLISHMAN AND YOUR SUBJECT": BURGESS.



PROVING CAPTAIN WEBB'S FEAT STILL POSSIBLE: MR. T. W. BURGESS SWIMMING ACROSS THE CHANNEL, FROM THE SOUTH FORELAND LIGHTHOUSE TO CAPE GRISNEZ.

The first photograph shows Mr. Burgess landing on French soil after his great swim; the second shows him during that swim. Burgess' time was 22 hours 35 minutes, as against Captain Webb's 21 hours 45 minutes, and he succeeded in his self-appointed task at the sixteenth attempt. That he has performed a feat of remarkable endurance is obvious, and it must be noted that he had to fight not only tides and currents and fatigue, but sea-sickness and delirium. Eleven people witnessed his triumph. King George caused the following telegram to be sent to Mr. Burgess, who is a Yorkshireman. "I am commanded to convey to you the hearty congratulations of the King upon your determination and endurance in accomplishing the wonderful feat of swimming the Channel to-day.—Stamfordham." To this the hero of the occasion replied: "Your Majesty's gracious message has touched me deeply. Its receipt has given me more pleasure than the accomplishment of the feat itself. I am proud to be an Englishman, and your subject.—Burgess."—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]



The New Macbeth. Concerning the favour of the first-night reception of "Macbeth" there can be no dispute; but disagreement is possible as to the wisdom of some elements in the production. Possibly disagreement will not exist on one point, for the slowness of the performance must have been obvious to everyone, and this slowness was in a large measure due to the acting.

Sir Herbert weakened what was almost a great performance by dwelling on nearly every word, and Miss Violet Vanbrugh followed him in this exaggerated respect for the dramatist's phrases. By this both rhythm in the phrases and movement in the play were lost. I think it may safely be said that the play would be ten times more effective if the lines were spoken twice as fast. Apart from this, Sir Herbert gave a very impressive rendering of a Macbeth who seemed less of a rugged, bloody warrior than a modern neurotic criminal. Indeed, he introduced a note of real remorse that to me is not in the play, and does not square at all with some passages; whilst there seems no warrant for his epileptic fit, caused by the Banquo vision. Still, if not perfect now, there is so much of superb quality in the new Macbeth that it should soon become a magnificent performance. One can hardly speak so hopefully of Miss Vanbrugh's Lady Macbeth; she, like Sir Herbert, constantly over-emphasised her speeches, and also dropped her voice very often, except in the Sleep-Walking Scene, where she was impressive.



MISS VIVA BIRKETT AS LADY MACDUFF IN "MACBETH," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Photograph by F. W. Burford.

The manager seemed anxious not merely to make it easy for us to think that Macbeth believed in the supernatural power of the Witches, but even to convince us that they were more than mortal; and the result was an over-elaboration not helpful to the drama. On the other hand, putting aside a needless dance and procession, the production was comparatively simple and decidedly impressive. I must, however, make an exception so far as the fight was concerned, since that was rather quaint, particularly in the hand-to-hand combat of Macbeth and Macduff—I had almost written "of the two Macs." Certain scenes—notably the one of the sleep-walking—were very fine, thanks to broad treatment and absence of useless accessories. The acting, apart from the principals, was not very noteworthy. Mr. Bouchier's beard had no great triumph, and he seemed a rather too bluff, elderly Macduff, and, though not ineffective, did not reach the full pathos of the famous scene where he hears of the murder of wife and little ones. Mr. Basil Gill was a picturesque Malcolm. (By-the-bye, after the curious pious fraud practised by Malcolm on Banquo, the two embraced in a fashion clearly not intended by the dramatist.) Mr. Barnes, the Banquo, spoke his lines very well, but hardly suggested the great warrior. Mr. Edmund Gurney played the Porter cleverly, and Mr. Edward O'Neill acted skilfully as Duncan.

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The New Juliet. Miss Neilson-Terry did so very well as Viola when she first came out that it was only natural in Mr. Fred Terry to give her an opportunity of seeing what she could do with Juliet. Every young actress with any ambition must

play Juliet sooner or later: but not every one is fortunate enough to have so much limelight thrown upon her venture. Beautifully clothed crowds, continuous movement and excitement, scenery and costumes by the best artists working upon models of unimpeachable historical accuracy, and an audience ready to worship with enthusiastic adoration the daughter of Miss Julia Neilson, all combined at the New Theatre to draw attention to the fact that important affairs were on foot. And if, for some of us, the beauty and the tragedy of Juliet's love retired, inconspicuous and almost invisible, into the background, that perhaps must be accepted as inevitable in any self-respecting modern production of any of Shakespeare's plays. Miss Neilson-Terry did her best to prevent this result. There are, of course, two Juliets—the Juliet of the Balcony and the Garden and the Juliet of the Potion Scene and the Tomb; and it is a customary commonplace to remark that the actress who is perfect as the one cannot play the other. The new Juliet, though not ideal as either, was very attractive as the former, if a little lacking in spontaneous gaiety and youthful passion; and she attacked the heavy passage with great energy and a success which at any rate roused her audience, even if it did not establish her reputation as a tragic actress. In the Balcony Scene there were moments of real charm and freshness; but it would have been improved by a Romeo a little less conventional than Mr. Vernon Steel. The rest of the acting is adequate, but there is not very much to say about it except that, in playing Mercutio at the last moment in Mr. Fred. Terry's place, Mr. Louis Calvert took a part which hardly suited him, but managed it very well.



THE WEIRD SISTERS: MR. A. E. GEORGE AS THE FIRST WITCH, MISS FRANCES DILLON AS THE THIRD WITCH, AND MR. ROSS SHORE AS THE SECOND WITCH IN "MACBETH," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Photograph by F. W. Burford.

genius, and Mr. Hawtreay, in his new character of altruistic hero, puts this symphony forward in place of his own, and lends his own name to it till success is assured. A simple little story of an artificial type, with some good scenes, and a general air of pleasant kindness. There are one or two good character-sketches—the best being a delightfully humorous publisher, played by Mr. Arthur Playfair; and Mr. Hearn puts much earnest meaning into the uncompromising genius. There is not much love-interest, such as there is being kept alive by Miss Lydia Bilbrooke; and Mr. Hawtreay is very delightful in his comparatively unusual part.

Mr. Charles Hawtreay. In "The Great Name," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Mr. Hawtreay is making a little experiment. No longer deceitful, he is now a devoted lover; and so far from going about perpetually telling small lies for his own protection, he tells one large lie just to help a friend. He is a composer of musical comedy: he wants to be famous as the composer of a symphony: he has written a symphony and his reputation will enable him to secure its performance by a real orchestra: but he sacrifices himself to an old friend whose need is greater than his. The friend has also written a symphony; but it is a really fine one, for he is an unknown



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS MACDUFF IN "MACBETH," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Photograph by F. W. Burford.

AWKWARD THINGS TO MEET WHILE SWIMMING THE CHANNEL.



INK-SLINGERS, BUT NOT JOURNALISTS: VARIETIES OF THE OCTOPUS AND OTHER CEPHALOPODA.

During his great swim across the Channel, Burgess has mentioned, he was a good deal troubled by the stings of jelly-fish. He might think himself lucky, however, that he did not meet any of the creatures whose portraits are given on this page. They are different sorts of cephalopoda, or cuttle-fish, of which the octopus (like the right-hand one in the centre row) is the most familiar example. These fearsome-looking denizens of the deep might be described as ink-slingers even more persistent than the ordinary Pressman. Except in the case of the nautilus, they have an ink-bag, the contents of which they discharge when alarmed, so as to escape in the darkness thus caused. This ink is used in the manufacture of sepia. They also possess parrot-like jaws and toothed suckers. It is reassuring, however, for Channel swimmers to know that the cuttle-fish is a ground-feeder and generally stays near the bottom of the sea.—[Photographs by Ulyett.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

MR. FRANK LASCELLES goes to India with the feeling that his appointed task is somewhat anomalous. To visit the East to instruct the Eastern how to make a pageant is an undertaking that would disconcert most Englishmen, by nature more fitted to look at shows than to make them. But Mr. Lascelles is not going to be abashed; and he is fortified by the knowledge that he has the confidence of the principal actors in the great Durbar. Even the thought of his two hundred elephants in no way disconcerts the Leading Lady of the procession; and it may happen that with an Englishman in charge Queen Mary will even reconsider her prejudices in regard to the Grand Old Men of the animal world. And Mr. Lascelles has a reassuring theory in regard to the elephant that will not fail to reach royal ears. It is an old enough theory to be best set forth in a book of some antiquity:

"It is reported of the elephant, that it hath a great respect for beautiful women. If it comes into their presence when it is in its rage, it will stand amazed at the sight of their fair faces. Therefore it seems that an excellent beauty is able to calm the fury of this animal and to act wonders among beasts as well as among men and Angels."

Men, Women, and Wasps.

But there is another beast with a trunk, or sting, that is no respecter of persons—even the persons of admired Queens. A lady's eye may quell an elephant, but not a wasp. Since the Queen of Spain was stung at Eaton, the lists of sufferers—and in some cases the sufferers themselves—have been greatly swelled. The complaint is now nearly as common as appendicitis, with ammonia instead of the knife for remedy. "Yes; I've got my jewel-case, and my hat-box, and my purse; but where, oh where, is my blue-bag?" was the distressed query of a young lady on her travels. The feminine fear of the sting is due to something more than the mere dislike of the fire-like puncture, and the consequent irritation and even pain. To be stung on the face is to be disfigured for half a week, at any rate; and more than one hurried retirement from a house-party this year has been explained by unrepresentable red patches on cheek or nose or chin. These minor disasters may well strengthen the purpose of County Councils, now stirring to make a systematic war against an easily extinguishable pest.

Princess Henry's Host.

Lord and Lady Beauchamp gather this week a large party at Madresfield Court to meet Princess

Henry of Battenberg and Prince Leopold of Battenberg. A moat, a courtyard, long rooms, the herbaceous garden, and King Charles's cottage near by (lately purchased by Lord Beauchamp), and, above all, a host who enjoys his estate and his visitors, make Madresfield an entrancing place for friends. Moreover, Lord Beauchamp delights to drive them round about the luxurious Malvern country, himself, it seems, a striking feature in the landscape. "He never wears a hat," writes one who has sat beside him behind horses, "but allows his locks full play in the breezes."

Overs and Wendovers. Lord Londesborough—a loyal man, though long known locally as "the King of Scarborough"—has stepped into Lord Sheffield's cricketing boots. His eleven and his party for the Scarborough Cricket Week

both reached the standard set at Sheffield Park. Lady Maud Warrender's "Well played!" has a ringing quality that is all her own; and Sir Edgar and Lady Speyer, Sir Ailwyn and Lady Fellowes, and Lady Irene Denison, too, all rank among lively spectators. There are so many ways even of watching the game! By the way, the number of noble cricketers has lately been increased by Viscount Wendover, Lord Carrington's heir. Last week he led his local team to victory, and his name is becoming as familiar on the field as is the latter portion of it, said by an attentive umpire between every six balls.

Making It Up.

Mr. Winston Churchill in Paris is always amused; but memories of Broadstairs are not banished in the sultry Bois. To be digging on the sands with Diana was bliss indeed to a Home Secretary who, despite his reputed love for publicity, is never so happy as when he is in the secrecy of his home. But the joys of Broadstairs did not end there. On the sands he had another companion—Lord Lytton, there renewing the old friendship which had suffered a breach in the Suffragette wars. When Suffragettes see a half-hearted Home Secretary and their whole-hearted male leader in close converse they may imagine many things—but not that Lord Lytton has abated by one jot his predominant enthusiasm. In any coming together at Broadstairs it is Mr. Churchill who has climbed up and not Lord Lytton who has climbed down. This, I prophesy, will be very clearly demonstrated during the debate for which swords of the tongue are already being eagerly sharpened on both sides.



TO MARRY STAFF-SURGEON KENELM DIGBY BELL, R.N., ON THE 16TH: MISS VIOLET LINDSAY STEWART.

Miss Violet Lindsay Stewart is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. W. Lindsay Stewart, of Stanmore, Lanarkshire. Mr. Kenelm Digby Bell is Staff-Surgeon on H.M.S. "Niobe," of the Canadian Navy.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



DAUGHTER OF THE INVENTOR OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY: MISS DEGNA MARCONI. Chevalier Guglielmo Marconi, the famous pioneer of wireless telegraphy, married, in 1905, the Hon. Beatrice O'Brien, daughter of the fourteenth Lord Inchiquin, and half-sister of the present baron. Their daughter Degna was born in 1908, and they also have a son, born last year.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



TO MARRY MR. HUMPHREY SHIMWELL: MISS CLARE LOUISE HOSKEN.

Miss Hosken is the youngest daughter of the late Captain H. Hosken, R.N., and Mrs. Hosken, of Otley, Seaview, Isle of Wight. Mr. Shimwell is of The Ridge, Alderley Edge, Cheshire.

Photograph by Swaine.



WIFE OF THE EARL MARSHAL AND CHIEF BUTLER OF ENGLAND: THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK.

The Duchess, who is the Duke of Norfolk's second wife, was the Hon. Gwendolen Mary Constable-Maxwell, Baroness Herries in her own right, daughter of the eleventh Baron Herries. She was married in 1904, and has a son and a daughter.

Photograph by Lafayette.



TO MARRY MAJOR EVELYN WINTOUR: MISS MARY DA COSTA.

Miss da Costa is the second daughter of the late Mr. S. F. da Costa, of 9, Gloucester Square, and Mrs. da Costa, of 69, Sussex Gardens. Major Wintour is in the 28th Cavalry.

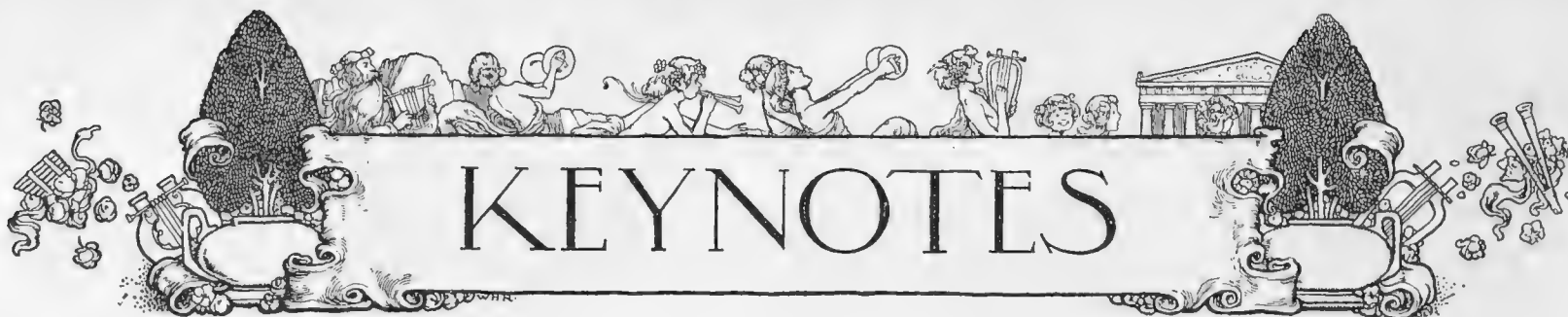
Photograph by Swaine.

The Poetic Dog! No. VI.—Welsh Terriers.

FROM THE PAINTING BY MAUD EARL.



"THESE TWO HATED WITH A HATE FOUND ONLY ON THE STAGE."—BYRON.



THE autumn musical festivals are upon us, and a study of the programmes at present to hand does not encourage a very hopeful view of the general situation. While progress has been made in so many directions the festivals have done no more than mark time. As they were some years ago so they are to-day. Perhaps the performances may be better in certain details, perhaps the demand for the best executants has brought a development in the quality of oratorio interpretation; but those who attend festivals year after year will be compelled to confess that there is no real movement towards development on any line. The organisers have got into a rut, and seem quite content to remain in it. At least a part of the programme shows no variation; from Mendelssohn's "Elijah" or Handel's "Messiah," or both, there is no escape. If any work has gained a marked measure of acceptance in town, it is fairly safe to be given, and a very few novelties are commissioned. Of these it is enough to say that no more than a small proportion will be heard again, so that the practice of the directors in ordering work and the response of composers in writing to order are alike unfruitful. There is something about the whole festival atmosphere so conservative, monotonous, and uninspired that, in the majority of cases, it seems to keep composers from giving us of their best. The retention of the two oratorios above named year after year is explained rather than excused by the statement that all the choral societies study them, so that they are easily rehearsed and can be safely given. What a depressing glimpse of musical life in cathedral city or provincial town where all men and women who join choral societies study these excellent works almost to the exclusion of others! To be sure, since Sir Edward Elgar has come to the front we have had no lack of "The Dream of Gerontius," but even this addition to the other revered examples does not exhaust the possibilities of oratorio. It is an artificial affair enough at the best of times, but to narrow its scope as the organisers of the provincial festivals are doing year after year is to make oratorio play a smaller part than ever in our musical life. Surely if choir-masters would take their work seriously enough they could find oratorios no less beautiful than those that dominate the programmes to-day, and the discovery would put fresh life into choral societies and new enthusiasm into the ranks of those who listen to their efforts.

Another regrettable side of the provincial festival is its sameness. It does not matter whether you are in one of the beautiful cathedrals of the Three Choirs or elsewhere, you will be fairly safe to find a symphony orchestra, some accomplished soloists who are going the round of the festivals and singing the same or nearly the same music at each, the same atmosphere of stagnation, the same modest measure of public interest. The

festival, wherever held, is not a part of the life of the city: it is an exotic, depending largely upon the Metropolis, and supported by the county much as the county supports a sanatorium or a hospital. Indeed, the profits of the festivals go, in some cases, if not in all, to charitable objects. There can be no question about this. Look at any programme and see how far it stands for the city in which the performances are given and how far it depends upon cosmopolitan talent specially subscribed for by the wealthy classes. The tendency of some of our autumn festivals is to become a social function, almost as much in its way as the Metropolitan season of grand opera, and it is beyond doubt that, if the future of these festivals depended upon the genuine music-lovers of each city, there would be a great change in the programme or there would be an end to them.

Music should be a part of every city's life, but there is no advantage to the community in repeated public performance without due provocation of "Elijah" and "The Messiah," nor are the varied shades of excellence or incapacity in the rendering of these works matters of moment.

That festivals, under the present system, do not respond to a popular demand is suggested by the fate of the London Musical Festival of the present year. Some really attractive programmes were arranged, the more hackneyed elements were conspicuously absent — so, too, was the general public. It is at least unlikely that the Metropolis will see another musical festival for a long time to come. Why the failure should have been so pronounced it is hard to say, unless the mere name given to the series of concerts evoked dismal memories.

Nobody would like to see our autumn festivals ended, but it is likely that most music-lovers would like to see them

mended, would be pleased if they ceased to be a mere repetition of each other and of themselves, if they stood in some clearly defined fashion for the musical life of the city in which they are given, and if the talent of each city could receive some more generous encouragement. The tendency of the times seems to move in the direction of divorcing the festivals more and more from the life of the city in which they are held, and to give concerts that have no special local significance other than their performance in a cathedral. From the standpoint of the financial returns it would probably be as well to hire the largest hall in the town, and to employ soloists and orchestra from London to give the best possible concert without the restrictions under which purely secular music must labour. It would mean the disregard

of a few cherished conventions, the abandonment of a few pretensions, but nothing else would be lost except "Elijah" and "The Messiah," and they would hardly be missed save by the faithful choristers.



A SUCCESSFUL ALEXIS SPARIDOFF, MR. LAURENCE LEGGE.

Mr. Laurence Legge, well known as a light-opera tenor, played Col. Alexis Sparidoff in "The Chocolate Soldier" at the Lyric recently for a week, and met with considerable success.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.



Harold Bauer.

Fritz Kreisler.

Pablo Casals.

A REMARKABLE TRIO: MM. HAROLD BAUER, FRITZ KREISLER, AND PABLO CASALS.

Those three great instrumentalists, MM. Fritz Kreisler, Harold Bauer, and Pablo Casals, perfect violinist, fine pianist, and famous 'cellist, are to appear together at the Queen's Hall on the 3rd of October and on the 10th. Meantime Herr Kreisler is to give a recital at Queen's Hall on the 23rd of this month.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]

of a few cherished conventions, the abandonment of a few pretensions, but nothing else would be lost except "Elijah" and "The Messiah," and they would hardly be missed save by the faithful choristers.

COMMON CHORD.

8-FULL DRAWINGS: FIGURES MADE UP OF A SINGLE FIGURE!



DESIGNS COMPOSED ONLY OF THE FIGURE 8: RESULTS OF A CURIOUS COMPETITION.

A curious competition was held in France recently in which awards went to those who drew the most amusing figures or scenes using the figure 8 only; that is to say, each drawing had to consist of nothing but the figure 8 in various forms. Some of the more ingenious of the results are here illustrated. Beginning at the top and reading from left to right in each case, there are shown on this page a head, two ladies with dogs, a ballet-dancer, Time, a musketeer, three ladies of fashion, and a man from the East.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.



THE FIRST BOY SCOUT (*whispering*): Let 'em pass.

THE SECOND BOY SCOUT (*whispering*): Yus, but in time o' war—

THE FIRST BOY SCOUT (*whispering*): Kill 'em!—as a terrier does a rat!



THE NURSE: Look where you're goin', stoopid; you'll be knockin' that gentleman over next.

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.

AFTER A GLASS TOO MUCH!



THE FIRST CHAUFFEUR: I ran over another baby this morning.

THE SECOND CHAUFFEUR: Phew! That was unlucky!

THE FIRST CHAUFFEUR: Yes, rotten! Their darned feedin'-bottles cut the tyres up so!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



WHERE WATER IS AS VIVID AS FIRE.

"COME and let us talk about the water!" This, says Mr. Meldrum, is the welcome you learn to expect in Holland. "And the reason is plain. . . . Holland is ill of a dropsy, and only survives by tapping itself." Never, he adds, can you escape finding water—unless it be in the bath-room. "It is the element that has shut the Dutchman in, keeping him close as an oyster in his polder-shell; and it is the element which has borne him out into the world, an equal among great colonisers. Though he build Dreadnoughts and erect fortresses, he still looks to it for his defence. Water is the key to Dutch temper and Dutch temperament. . . . It determines his agriculture and is the architect of his towns. It provides him with his sports, and scourges him with the fever which shatters the national nerves. . . . Thus it happens that every student of Holland is given a map, and that every writer on Holland strives at once to convey to his readers his sense of this marvel of water. And I think that M. Mirbeau has done it best in a figure that at first indeed appears singularly inappropriate. 'On la voit,' he says, 'on la voit soudre sous les nappes de verdure, comme, sous la couche de cendres, qui la recouvre, on voit soudre la rougeur d'un brasier.' In Holland, water is as intense, as vivid, as fire."

From this grey sheen of landscape Mr. Meldrum takes his readers indoors. Despite the importance of the map, "yet I am not sure that the quality of the Dutch can anywhere be so well revealed as during a leisurely, curious perambulation of their houses. The water so ubiquitous outside is seldom had inside. Half the population is still without a central water-supply. Few Dutch households possess a bath-room yet. . . . To install one is apt to be regarded as faddy." Neither, among many fair apartments dignified with tradition and ancient furniture, does any mention transpire of a smoke-room. But "I have been noting the ash-tray in them all," our author assures us "The aroma of Sumatra lingers everywhere. We may say of Dutch houses, as Mr. Pickwick remarked of Rochester streets, that 'the smell which pervades them must be exceedingly delicious to those who are extremely fond of smoking.'"

"You must not forget, we are a very small country." So small as to be barely twice the size of Yorkshire! "From Amsterdam you can reach any of its frontiers in the hours devoted to a morning's milking and cheese-making." Possessed of a language which no foreigner takes the trouble to learn, Dutchmen staff their offices with native clerks who correspond competently in English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish.

Mr. Meldrum fell in with a saddler one day at a Dutch village "pub." The saddler had visited his brother, a tailor in London, living with him in Rowton Houses for a few weeks. And here was a man, working from 6 a.m. to

7 p.m. for 17s. 6d. a week, who "had made a determined effort to learn English, and did so, though with nothing to gain by it." He showed me a little pious story-book on which, it seemed, he practised his English; and he produced also a shred of a nursery wall-paper, with an illustrated snatch of song which puzzled him. It was the old 'Where are you going, my pretty maid?' and the last line stumped him, and no wonder: 'Nobody axed you, Sir, she said.' I should have been sorry to have had anybody overhear my efforts to explain that *axed*, but he was eminently satisfied apparently. . . . But the acquisition of foreign tongues has become a tradition among them, like the handling of cotton among the people of Lancashire."

As a result of a language in which so few read, literature is not a profitable occupation in Holland. No one in Holland could hope to live by his Dutch pen. But Dutchmen are not spoiled by large earnings. The plums of the professions look poor to English eyes; and yet in a country overtaxed, with high rents and dear necessities, the middle classes, who cannot make more than the wages of a well-paid London mechanic, manage to surround themselves with a certain grave and cultivated comfort.

To a great extent this must be thanks to the women; but if they get thanks, it is in a sense other than legal. Their disabilities make a grave list: "The only mother in Holland who has a legal right in her child is the mother out of wedlock." Mr. Meldrum thinks that woman rules in a limited way within her sphere, "and, according to very ancient precept, largely through gastronomy. . . . (Dutch cookery is really very good; a little rich, perhaps: Holland has as many sauces as it has religions.)" But, as he adds, "it is not under such subjection that men's wits are at their brightest."

After much interesting domestic detail and attendance at one or two charming meals, the reader may wander forth again to find the peasant women of the villages in their golden helmets or lace caps and all the complex "mingle-mangle" of Dutch "costume," now so surely vanishing. He may guess at "the delirium of tulip-land in May," and steep himself in the imaginative repose of Leyden as he recalls her incomparable etcher, and he will, if thoughtful, ponder some grave chapters on theology and politics. But here or there, in meadows or fens, at school (Holland's most important industry) or in the Binnenhof—the tabernacle of her history—Mr. Meldrum is as far as may be from those tourists whom he deprecates, because they look at and write of Holland as if it were a toy-shop or a comic opera. No one can accuse Mr. Meldrum of that. Behind all the quaintness and curiosity he is too conscious of

that pervading quality due to the enchanted water: "like a slumbering passion, it creates an atmosphere which even at its tenderest and most joyous is also charged with something dread and strange."



REPORTED ENGAGED TO THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES FRANCIS JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA, WHO WILL BE HEIR-APPARENT TO THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN THRONE: PRINCESS ZITA OF PARMA.

There is a report that the Archduke Charles Francis Joseph of Austria, who represented the Emperor at the Coronation, and, after the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, is the Heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, is engaged to Princess Zita of Parma, one of the daughters of the late Duke Robert of Parma. It is further rumoured that this betrothal has not met with the appreciation of the Kaiser, who was anxious to make a match between the young Archduke and his only daughter, Princess Victoria Louise. The Emperor Francis Joseph is also displeased, it is understood, wishing his grand-nephew to marry his granddaughter the Archduchess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Archduke Francis Salvator of Lorraine.

Photograph by E.N.A.



"WHEN THE REVOLUTION COMES."—BY G. K. CHESTERTON: "MR. SIDNEY WEBB IS ACCUSED OF INCIVILISM FOR WEARING AN IMPERIAL, AND PERISHES ON THE SCAFFOLD."

Sensations We Particularly Dislike:

Materialised by G. G. Studdy.



X.—THE PARTING WITH RATES AND TAXES HORROR.



VI.—THE MYSTERY OF THE TOY LANTERN.

INSPECTOR CHANCE had very kindly offered to accompany me to a district in North Kensington which I was anxious to study in connection with the articles, "The Watches of the Night," which I was then writing in a daily paper.

In the Inspector's company and that of a local detective I had made the acquaintance of a number of gentlemen at war with society, and entered their haunts to study them at close quarters.

I had been through one of the worst quarters of London, a quarter hemmed in by the mansions of the wealthy, and yet itself the heart of Vagabond-land.

When we had concluded our tour of "The Social Avernus"—that is the title bestowed upon it by a clergyman who has spent the best years of his life in the midst of it—the Inspector said that he was going towards Paddington, and as that was my way he would walk with me. There is a street we should pass on our way in which he thought I might be interested.

At one o'clock in the morning we turned into a long dark street of mean houses. Halfway down the street we came to a house at the door of which a young woman was standing looking out into the night. The house was in darkness save for a dim light burning in a room in the basement.

The Inspector stopped at the area gate and peered down the stone steps. "This is Westham Street," he said. "You see that room with the light in it? I am going to tell you a story that began there one winter's night about twelve years ago."

I looked at the drawn blind, behind which a dim light was burning, and then as we strolled along Chance told me its story.

"On the morning of the 15th of March an old gentleman living quite alone in a house in a rural district in the North of London, who had the reputation of being a miser, was found murdered. His body was lying in the kitchen. He had evidently heard a noise in the night and had come downstairs. He had been attacked, and his skull fractured with a blunt instrument."

"That there were two men concerned in the crime was certain. There were two pocket-knives left lying on the table with which the murderers had made a bread-and-cheese supper after committing the crime; and there were certain footprints on a path in the back garden which led to some woods."

"The footprints belonged to two different men. One set had been made by a pair of boots with a broad tread, the other by much smaller boots with pointed toes."

"Among the things that the murderers, after ransacking the house, had left behind was a toy lantern, the sort of lantern that a boy would have as a plaything."

"The murder created a tremendous sensation in London, and as time went on and no arrest was made the newspapers began to talk about 'Another Unsolved Mystery.'"

"And then chance came to the aid of the police and started me on one of the most exciting man-hunts that I ever had the privilege of being engaged in."

"Police suspicion fastened at first upon two men named Brown and Cordy, old lags who had both disappeared from London, and of whom no trace could be found. The chances are that we should have gone on looking for Brown and Cordy, as the burglary seemed just about their handiwork, had not a young lady suddenly come forward to make a statement."

"On the afternoon of March 17th, three days after the murder, she had gone to Paddington Station to meet a friend who was coming from the country. She got there early, and having some time to wait, she went to one of the departure platforms and watched the people going away."

"Two men passed her—one a shortish, thin, pale-faced, rather weakly-looking man; the other a big, broad-shouldered, burly, bullet-headed fellow who towered above his companion."

"The smaller man made a remark to the other which produced a broad grin, and the young lady saw that three side teeth were missing from the upper jaw."

"As the young lady looked at the two men it flashed across her mind that she had seen both of them before. For the moment she could not think where, and then suddenly she remembered that on the afternoon of March 14th she had met them in the roadway close to the residence of the old man whose murderers still remained undiscovered. They seemed to be very interested in the house and grounds, but she did not then attach any importance to the meeting; but having seen the men together again, the incident flashed to her mind, and it seemed to her now to have acquired a tragic significance."

"She lived not far from the scene of the crime, and when she went home she went to the local police-station and told the officer in charge."

"The information came on to me, and when the list of license-holders was referred to we found that the big man answered the description of an old lag named Henry Miller, who had been twice convicted of burglary. The absence of three side teeth from the upper jaw was set forth among his identification-marks."

"Miller had not reported as he should have done, and so we had to look about for him."

In the course of my inquiries I came into this district. The moment I gave my information a friend of mine here, Detective-Sergeant Bartlett, exclaimed, "Why, that must be the chap I saw on the 12th of March with Bert Wilson! I had been ordered to keep observation on Wilson, and it was while I was watching him that I saw him joined by a big, burly fellow, and the two of them went into a public-house together. I am sure, from the description you give me of the shorter man, that the men the young lady saw together near the villa are Bert Wilson and Henry Miller."

"We can't find Miller anywhere," I replied. "What about Bert Wilson?"

"Oh, he reported all right on his day."

"Come along!" I exclaimed. "We'll go and look his address up at the Yard at once."

"Bert Wilson had, when he reported himself, given as his address No. —, Westham Street. There we ascertained that he was married to the daughter of a Mrs. Fulton. The family who occupied the rooms in the basement consisted of himself, his wife and baby, his mother-in-law, and his brother-in-law, a little boy aged fourteen."

"But Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and the baby had gone away. Mrs. Fulton understood that they had gone to Australia. Inquiries among other relatives whose addresses we ascertained elicited the information that Bert Wilson had, they believed, been accompanied by a friend, a tall, big-built man."

"What do you think of the story?" I said to my colleague.

"Not much," he replied.

I interrupted Chance for a moment.

"If you had discovered there was any foundation for the Australia story you would have cabled to Australia and had the men arrested on landing, I suppose?"

"I am not so sure about that. We had not the slightest proof that Wilson and Miller had anything to do with the murder. You cannot cable to Australia to have two men arrested for being in a public road near a house in which a murder was committed twelve hours later. So the two things that we made up our mind to do were to keep our eyes open for any letters that might come

[Continued overleaf.]

OVER - EXPOSED !



THE RESOURCEFUL BURGLAR: It's orl right, guvner. I thought per'aps as 'ow yer wouldn't mind me usin' yore dark room ter develop a couple o' plates.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.

to Mrs. Fulton—post-marks are very useful—and to try our best to get some tangible proof that one or both of the men had been, not outside, but inside the miser's house. That was where the murder was committed, you see."

"And you got the proof?"

"We did."

"And chance," I suggested with a smile, "had no share in it?"

"Oh, yes," replied the Inspector, laughing. "You remember that one of the things the burglars left behind was a lantern. Now it was not only a toy lantern, but it had certain marked peculiarities. The wick was made of a small piece of flannelette, and, evidently to prevent it flaring, the rim of the burner was heightened with a piece of pen-nib."

"That lantern," I said to Bartlett, "has been a boy's plaything. What we have to do is to trace its possession to a boy and then to the man or men who left it on the scene of the crime."

"My colleague agreed, and we set about making discreet inquiries, with the result that one day we received information that young Fulton had been seen playing in the street with a lantern in the early days of the winter."

"There have been a good many stories told in print of how we worked that lantern clue. One is that a boy in the pay of the police was put on to play with young Fulton and suddenly to show him the lantern while a detective, disguised as a labourer, stood by looking on, listening and smoking his pipe."

"The other story was romantic. A little girl was supposed to have been employed by the police to discover the lantern in a dustbin, and to run to young Fulton with it and say, 'Oh, Tommy, isn't this yours? Somebody must have thrown it over into our back-yard. Mother found it in the dustbin.'"

"There is not an atom of foundation for either yarn. We knew that directly Wilson and his pal found they had left the lantern behind at the villa they would have taken care to 'ready' young Fulton with a story in case of police inquiries."

"Look here," said my colleague. "I know this neighbourhood better than you do, and I am more friendly with the people. Suppose you leave me to work the lantern while you get on the track of the men's whereabouts?"

"I agreed, and I got my clue before my colleague got his. A letter was delivered to Mrs. Fulton and the post-mark was 'Bristol.' In pursuance of the arrangements I had made, it was communicated to me at once."

"But it was no use our people starting for Bristol to hunt down the men while we had nothing to justify their arrest. Miller could have been charged with not reporting, but there was nothing against Bert Wilson."

"But on the very morning that I got the post-mark clue I met Sergeant Bartlett at the Yard. He had come to see the Chief with great news. He had brought the lantern *coup* off with the most complete success."

"And this is how he had managed it."

"Young Fulton was in the habit of getting certain articles of food for his mother every morning at the little general shop in the neighbourhood."

"I found that out," said Bartlett, "and this is what I did. I arranged with the shopkeeper to let me get there early one morning and put the lantern on a shelf behind a loaf. A loaf was one of the things young Fulton always bought."

"When I had placed the lantern I went into the little back room, which had a glass panel in the door, and then stood behind the door, keeping it ajar, but in such a way that I could not be seen by anyone in the shop."

"Soon after eight young Fulton came in and asked for his loaf. The shopkeeper, following my directions, took one down, and it left the lantern fully exposed to the boy's view."

"The boy stared at it for a second and then exclaimed, 'Why that's my lantern that I lost!'"

"The shopkeeper took it down. 'How do you know it's yours?' he said. 'I believe it's one my boy picked up the other day.'"

"But I'm sure it's mine," replied the lad, handling it. "I know it. There's the piece of flannelette I made the wick with, and the pen-nib that I put round it."

"Oh, if you're sure it's yours," said the shopkeeper, "you can take it."

"The boy put the lantern into his pocket, and I stepped out and invited him to walk up the street with me while I explained to him that if little boys said things were theirs

which were not theirs, and took them away, they might get into trouble."

"The lad protested that he was certain the property was his, and then we walked a little farther together, but it wasn't in the direction of Westham Street."

"Westham Street did not see little Master Fulton again," said Chance, with a professional smile. "The police wanted to take care of him until they had Wilson and Miller in the dock."

"We had already telegraphed to the Bristol police, and in a few hours we got a reply that two men answering the description had been seen with three other people at the railway station the previous afternoon. The party consisted of the two men and two women, and one woman had a baby in her arms."

"Mrs. Wilson had taken her baby when she left for 'Australia,' and we were pretty sure now that we were on the track."

"One of the Chief Inspectors at the Yard set out at once in command of a party, of which I was one, to hunt the men down."

"In Bristol we found the birds had flown, but there we got some information which was useful. The men we were after had joined a travelling showman, and had come with him to Bristol from Cardiff. Late at night we found that the party had booked for Swindon, and we went on there at once."

"Again we were too late. The show party had not remained in the town, but had booked for Bath. In Bath we missed them for a time, but on Sunday afternoon we got on the scent, and found the house in which they had taken rooms."

"They were out when we first got the information, and we gathered they were not likely to be back till evening, so we made our arrangements to keep the house under observation."

"At eleven o'clock that night the 'show party' had all returned to the house, and we prepared for a rush."

"We crept up the stairs quietly, and burst into the sitting-room, the chief leading with a revolver well in evidence, for he knew that Miller was a powerful and a desperate ruffian. There was no difficulty in making prisoners of Wilson, the showman, and the women. But Miller fought fiercely, and tried to get at a revolver which he had about him."

"The showman and his wife had evidently no knowledge of the character of their associates. They were released, and so eventually was the unfortunate wife of Bert Wilson."

"Wilson and Miller were tried in due course at the Old Bailey and found guilty, the only really strong evidence we were able to produce against them being that of the boy, Wilson's brother-in-law, who swore that he had the lantern when he went to bed on the evening of the 14th of March, and that when he got up next morning he looked everywhere for it and could not find it. The evidence of witnesses who, at seven o'clock in the morning of the 15th of March, discovered the body of the old miser showed that the boy's lantern was then lying not far from the murdered man."

"Before the trial concluded Bert Wilson, hoping to save his neck, made a confession in which he attempted to clear himself from the capital offence and to put it upon his partner."

"So there was never the slightest doubt that the toy lantern had convicted the right men."

"There does not seem to me to have been much 'chance' about the bringing home of the lantern clue," I said as the Inspector finished his story.

"It was decidedly chance that took us to Westham Street in search of Bert Wilson," replied my friend.

"The first clue was given us by the young lady who, by the merest accident in the world, met on the Paddington platform two men whom she had seen in the neighbourhood of the villa early on the day when the crime was committed."

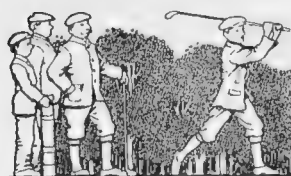
"And it certainly was a lucky chance that made Miller grin as he passed by, and show that he had three teeth missing from his upper jaw."

"The man himself recognised the danger in connection with his identification-marks, for one of the first things he did when he had fifty or sixty pounds—his share of the proceeds of the burglary—in his pocket, was to have the accusing space filled up with three false teeth."

"But he was too late."

"If he had only gone to a dentist before he laughed at Paddington we might never have gone to Westham Street, and the lantern might be in the Black Museum at Scotland Yard, waiting, like the bitten apple of Great Coram Street, for 'a mystery' to be solved."

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Germans and Golf. Some may begin to think that England and Scotland make up a rather dull golfing country, and it needs efforts in persuasion on the part of others to hold them on to the belief that, after all, the golf that we have here is the best and most glorious in the whole world, and that it needs no artificial stimulants to keep it vigorous. But while our courses have been more or less burnt up during the most abnormal summer through which we have passed, and a large proportion of the players have been obliged to abstain from the game in consequence of the most excessive heat, events of some considerable and peculiar interest have been happening abroad, or have been announced as about to happen. There is the case of Germany—yes, Germany and golf this time. In golf, as in many other matters, she has a keen eye to business and is very enterprising. Her methods—again in golf as in other affairs—are not quite those which we would adopt ourselves; but there can be no doubt about the spirit of push and thrust which animates them. Some of the local authorities in Germany have found out that there is money in golf, and the good people of Baden Baden have decided to be in at the beginning of the boom, for the attainment of which end they have released themselves from the control of the governing body of German golf, which had displayed some disposition to interfere, and they have decided to proceed absolutely "on their own." It is British sovereigns, converted into the marks of the Fatherland, that they yearn for. Already this year they have had a big tournament on their course, greatly enlarged and improved, to which they gave £250 in prizes; and as soon as this was done with they held a meeting on the spot and invited all the British and other competitors—among them Harry Vardon, who was the winner—to be parties to it, and there and then determined to repeat the event next year, and to make the total amount of the prize-money next time £500. They say that this is more prize-money than has ever been given in a professional competition, and very likely they are right, the only tournament on which as much may have been spent being the one held in Mexico some five or six years ago, the financial details of which I cannot exactly recall.

Nothing to Pay. Baden Baden has just issued its manifesto upon the subject of this great future contest, and it is an amazing document. It records the resolution—voted for by the British and other competitors—that "these meetings are to be considered the Open Championship of Germany," notwithstanding that the ruling body of the country runs an open

championship. That the Baden Baden affair, however, will be a much bigger and more representative one there can be no doubt. The first prize is to be £130, and the second £80, and it is set forth that if an amateur wins the prize he shall have the value in plate. The entrance-fee is to be only a sovereign, and even that is to be given back if the competitor turns up. But this is the sugar-plum—"All contestants are provided by the town of Baden Baden with their hotel accom-

modation and meals free of cost." It is made clear that amateurs are welcomed, and no awkward restrictions about being scratch at all, or even any, of their clubs (such as are imposed by our own championship authorities) are put forward. So it seems that if any golfer feels he would like a week at Baden Baden as the guest of the municipality, and is not troubled by conscientious scruples of any kind, all that he has to do is to enter for this championship. Great inducements are laid before him in the manifesto, which states: "The competitors this year loudly praised the treatment they had received, agreeing that never had they been so well received and treated, and that they would so express themselves to all their friends, and that they would return with them next year." You see there is no doubt about it. The golfers of Baden Baden open their arms to us, to all of us, and they utter the German equivalent of an English prayer that we may all be permitted to go along.

This Week in America. As to America, you will hear the sound of great golfing guns across the Atlantic this very week. They are having their amateur championship at Apawamis, which is in the New York golfing district, and they have made this affair as entertaining as possible by including our own amateur champion, Mr. Hilton, in it. I have not heard what has happened to little and good "Chick" Evans since he went back home; but he will be extremely keen on winning at Apawamis, and so will be Mr. Travis, who is said to be golfing better now than ever in his life. There will be more interest in the play for the American Amateur Championship this time than there has ever been in any foreign event, and the interest will be none the less for the circumstance that the system upon which it is played makes it a much more thorough test than our own amateur

championship. Mr. Hilton has had a fortnight in which to get himself acclimatised and accustomed to the conditions. It is better than nothing, but most certainly it is none too much. Playing golf in America is not at all the same thing as playing it in Britain. Every man who goes there finds that out very quickly.



1. Mr. J. DUNCAN JUN., OF GLAMORGANSHIRE, WHO WAS BEATEN BY MR. LLOYD IN THE SEMI-FINAL ROUND BY 7 AND 5.

3. Mr. H. M. LLOYD, OF RHYL, WHO BEAT MR. T. C. MELLOR IN THE FINAL BY 4 AND 3.

2. Mr. G. H. P. HOLMES, OF COLWYN BAY, WHO WAS BEATEN BY MR. MELLOR IN THE SEMI-FINAL ROUND BY 7 AND 6.

4. Mr. T. C. MELLOR, OF CARNARVONSHIRE, WHO WAS BEATEN BY MR. H. M. LLOYD IN THE FINAL BY 4 AND 3.

THE WELSH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: THE WINNER, THE RUNNER-UP, AND THE SEMI-FINALISTS.

The Welsh Amateur Championship, held at Conway, was won by Mr. H. M. Lloyd, of Rhyl, who, after finishing "all square" in the first round, eventually beat his opponent by 4 and 3. Mr. Lloyd is a son of Archdeacon Lloyd, of St. Asaph, and is only twenty-one. He began golf about five years ago, and soon reduced his handicap to scratch.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

BATHING IN FRANCE: TO BE OR NOT TO BE—WET.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

THREE days' sail from London into a blonde country of sands and immortelles—those little yellow flowers as stiff and artificial-looking as if they were made of straw, and which smell delightfully of gingerbread: that's all there is on that smiling coast of Southern France, and pine-trees that burst their skins open when the sun looks at them, and wild carnations like tiny pink stars, and—the sea. It's all as unlike London as can be—you walk in the light of the white roads, of the fair sands, of the steely sea, and the sky is a blue flame. No Londoner could stay there and live, and Americans still less (there is no ice and no telephone), but I—I could stretch myself on the burning sand-hills, or the stone-heaps that border the roads, and pray for more than twelve luminous and limpid hours in the long, full, lazy day. Englishmen never quite enjoy a holiday really—really because they never quite forget their respectability. You can't be respectable and get your full measure of fun. If my London female friends happened to meet me here (which God forbid, as I have to live in London for nine months in the year), they would suddenly, and with the touching *gaucherie* of all English creatures, become very much absorbed in the tips of their gloves, because I, you see, I do not wear gloves, I do not wear stockings, I do not—now, don't be so English, there's a dear—I do not wear stays. For here is the dress *de rigueur* for the jolly little hole that's L'Amélie: a serge skirt, and a jersey on top of a bathing *maillot*, a sun-bonnet or a *béret*, and a pair of *espadrilles*—full stop, that's all. *Espadrilles* are canvas shoes with string soles, and very comfortable and picturesque they are. The tapes with which they are tied—Neapolitan fashion—around the ankles leave, after a while, a trellis design in white on our mahogany legs. It's a pity tan should vanish so quickly; it will seldom last till next winter, when your evening dress shows so amusingly the long and the short of your holiday gear. A few weeks of London cotton-wool atmosphere and here we are again with the unsightly whiteness of little slum children.

When we are tired of the rusticity of L'Amélie, we go to Soulac, which is the orthodox watering-place of La Côte d'Argent. A ten minutes' drive, and we are in the principal street of Soulac, leading straight to the sea.

The houses are small and mean, and such as English people would not be likely to favour—indeed, they would even wonder that French people of refined taste could live in such primitively constructed habitations; but it matters little to the holiday tenants, for

they don't live inside the house. As soon as the last drop is drunk of the morning *café-au-lait*, the last mouthful eaten of the white, spongy mixture of talc and inferior flour that constitutes

French bread, off they go to the sands. In L'Amélie we have only four tents in all wherein to pay neighbourly afternoon calls; but Soulac sands, seen from Soulac town, resemble fields of red-and-white-striped poppies. Under the poppies the æstival population lives, laughs, loves, and gossips. The children, in workmanlike costumes of red flannel, consisting, without any difference of sex, of waist-shirt and knickerbockers, rejoice in sunburnt calves and delicious fruit-tarts—a speciality of the country. The mammas knit or embroider in groups, but methinks this knitting and this embroidery will deserve being pulled to pieces at the end of the holidays. How, tell me, can one achieve a decent pair of socks, or that altar-cloth for dear Monsieur le Curé, when one is engaged at the same time in keeping a vigilant eye on one's daughter (who is walking to and fro within a radius of ten yards with her fiancé), and running down what barefaced, bare-backed, bare everything Mlle. X is pleased to call her bathing-dress? Half-past four is the fashionable bathing hour. With rouge on her smiling lips, powder to preserve her cheeks from the dreaded freckles, carefully waved bandeaux showing under a scarlet-silk cap to match her lips, Mlle. X confronts the waves. She never does much more than confront them, unless the sea is so calm as to respect her curls and her complexion. As for the rest, in spite of what her "dear little friends" may say, she is not afraid of wetting. Her black cashmere *maillot* fits

all the better for being wet, but swimming and diving she cannot indulge in—one splashes oneself too much. So she plays about knee-deep in the water with her back to the sun, until a sufficient number of appreciative lookers-on, attracted by the bobbing scarlet handkerchief and her carefully modulated little shrieks, have assembled around the wrapper she has deposited on the sands. When she emerges from the water there is a scramble among her male friends to be first to secure her *peignoir* and help her with it.

At L'Amélie we are not at all so daring as Mlle. X. Look rather at that austere little band of orphan girls in ankle-length bathing-knickers and chin-high tunics.

They walk, eyes downcast, on each side of a fat, jolly nun with a black moustache, and, poor dears, they practise that humility which is preached them daily. How can one be otherwise than humble in a cap of yellow oilcloth and such a truly pious bathing-dress!



GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF RANFURLY: MISS MARY JULIANA MILNES GASKELL.

Miss Mary Juliana Milnes Gaskell was born in 1906. Her father is Mr. Evelyn Milnes Gaskell, son of the Right Hon. C. G. Milnes Gaskell, and a nephew of the Earl of Portsmouth. Her mother, formerly Lady Constance Knox, is a daughter of the Earl of Ranfurly, and elder sister of Lady Eileen Knox, one of the Queen's train-bearers at the Coronation.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



TWIN SONS OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF CARRICK: VISCOUNT IKERRIN AND THE HON. HORACE BUTLER. The Earl of Carrick married, in 1898, Miss Ellen Rosamond Gore Lindsay, who is related to the Earl of Crawford. Viscount Ikerrin and the Hon. Horace Butler were born in 1903. They have two elder sisters and three younger brothers.

Photograph by Swaine.



FIRST COUSIN OF BARONESS BURTON: MRS. BERKELEY LEVETT AND HER SON MICHAEL.

Mrs. Berkeley Levett, wife of Captain Berkeley Levett, a cousin of the Earl of Denbigh, is the daughter of the late Mr. Hamar Bass, brother of the late Lord Burton. Baroness Burton, whose portrait we give on another page, is Lord Burton's daughter.—[Photograph by Bassano.]



A Warning on Warnings!

Not a moment before it was expected by reasonable folk has come an official warning from the Chief Commissioner of Police on the matter of noisy motor-signals, particularly with regard to their reckless and unreasonable use at night. The Commissioner refers to the section of the Act of 1896 which, if my memory of the clause serves me aright, makes it incumbent upon every motorist overtaking and passing another vehicle or pedestrian to sound a warning signal, and suggests that this is certainly necessary at street corners and crossings, but that many motorists sound their horns continually and obnoxiously where such sounding is unnecessary, or to save themselves the trouble of reducing their speed where speed should be reduced in the best interests of public safety.

Commissioner's Condemnation.

The Commissioner goes on most properly to condemn the use of exhaust cut-outs, a favourite practice of the professional driver whose master is weak or selfish enough to permit him one; also the employment of the blood-curdling and nerve-racking instruments in which metal diaphragms are vibrated by electrical means; of screeching, squealing sirens, nearly all of which have been introduced from across the Atlantic, where ear-riving noises would appear to be worshipped. As the Commissioner puts it: "All these practices are much resented by the great majority of the public, many of whom find their rest broken at night by the strident noises so caused. It is quite certain that, unless some alteration is brought about by motorists of their own accord, there will be an insistent demand for repressive legislation." In view of the Commissioner's warning, I think the Royal Automobile Club and the Automobile Association might carry out tests of the various instruments now in use, and publish the lists of those which they regard as inoffensive.

Insecurity of Our Fuel Supply.

The effect of the late short-duration strikes upon the price of petrol has moved one at least of the automobile journals to return to the subject of alcohol as a fuel for internal-combustion engines. A few years ago the subject was much discussed, and I believe the Automobile Club of France offered prizes for the production of a

A De Dietrich on Trial.

Tests and trials are very much the order of the day at the present juncture. Last week, that enterprising firm, Messrs. Jarrott and Letts, Ltd., of 45, Great Marlborough Street, W., submitted one of the new 18-20-h.p. Lorraine-Dietrich cars to a 7000-miles test under the severe scrutiny of the Royal Automobile Club's observers. This car, which is one of the finest productions sent to us by France and has a wonderfully quiet engine, will make a succession of daily trips out and home from London, covering some hundred and fifty miles per day. I am informed by Messrs. Jarrott and Letts, Ltd., that this car is absolutely standard as sold to the public, and has undergone no sort of special preparation. It

carries a torpedo body, with hood and screen, and, as the evenings are now drawing in and artificial light may be required, the car is equipped with the "C. J. L." magnetolite system.



THE OLD POWER AND THE NEW: A PETROL-DRIVEN ROLLER AND A STEAM-ROLLER WORKING TOGETHER IN HYDE PARK.

Photograph by Topical.

A Wonderful Total.

Good wine needs no bush, and so the wonderful twelve-hours record achieved by a 25-30 h.p. Sunbeam car, driven, turn and turn about, by Messrs. Coatalen and Richards, must not be regarded as necessary to the reputation of the Sunbeam

car. By the light of manifold reliability trials, hill-climbs, and the like, that reputation had long been soundly and strongly established, so that the wonderful performance under review can only be regarded as an emphasis thereof. There has been no such startling effort since Mr. S. F. Edge's twelve-hours drive of 799 miles 1600 yards some four years ago; and as the Napier prophet drove single-handed and unrelieved for double the time, no comparisons can be instituted between the performances. After all, each of the Sunbeam conductors held the wheel for six hours only, and that in spells of two hours, with two periods of two hours' rest intervening. Therefore the human efforts, as I suggest, do not compare.

Splendid Organisation.

What remains at which to marvel is the remarkable manner in which the Sunbeam stood the severe bucketing of a speed of 75.6 miles per hour for twelve long hours over the surface of the Brooklands track. The car travelled the whole distance without one



DESIGNED BY A GREAT FRENCH AIRMAN: THE CURIOUS TRIPLANE INVENTED BY LOUIS PAULHAN—SIDE VIEW.

Photograph by Branger.

carburettor by which alcohol could be employed as a carburating substance. But the assurances of the bodies interested in the handling of petroleum, to the effect that no shortage of the oil-supply of the world was likely to take place for years, lulled the automobile world into a spurious security, from which the effect of the strike has done little to awaken them. Lacking an immediate commercial demand, without which there is no stimulus for individual effort, such experiments should be carried on by the State, if politicians had their eyes on other matters than place and power. The subject, needless to say, is a doubly important one to this country, whose supplies of liquid fuel might be arrested externally or internally at any time.



SEEMINGLY MADE OF CORRUGATED IRON: THE CURIOUSLY FORMED TRIPLANE WHICH HAS JUST BEEN INVENTED BY LOUIS PAULHAN.

Photograph by Branger.

involuntary stop, although intentional halts were made at the conclusion of each two hours' driving for the replenishment of petrol and oil-tanks, general lubrication, and the quadruple change of tyres by means of the well-known Sunbeam detachable wheels. The organisation for this work was nothing short of perfect, for the first stop accounted only for 3 minutes, the second for 1 min. 46 sec., the third for 1 min. 31 sec., and the final for 1 min. 27 sec. No tyre troubles occurred, and one set of Dunlop tyres ran most satisfactorily for four hours. The total distance covered was 907 miles 1535 yards, and from start to finish the feat must be regarded as a magnificent testimony to Sunbeam staunchness and efficiency.



CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Doncaster. The St. Leger, which is to be decided to-day, is, according to Yorkshiremen, the "greatest race in the world." Whether it be so or not, the last of the season's classics possesses great attractions for owners and spectators alike, and huge crowds assemble on the Town Moor—to the advantage of the Doncaster rates. For a day or two after Sunstar was scratched, King William looked like developing into a very hot favourite indeed; but on Mr. J. B. Joel declaring that he was confident that Lycaon could win, the price against Lord Derby's colt eased off; and since then Prince Palatine has also come into prominence in the betting. Then Pietri, regarded as a hopeless case after the Derby, ran a surprisingly good race against Stedfast at York. All

arrive at, for no matter what horses he has met, he has treated them all in the same way—that is to say, he has made hacks of them. When a horse wins a race easily, the amount he has in hand cannot be other than purely conjectural; one man will say 1 st., another 7 lb., and yet another will say 2 st. These varying estimates are merely phrases, and mean that those who utter them cannot compute the victor's superiority. Such is the experience with Hornet's Beauty. I have heard men say after his several wins this year: "He could have won with another 2 st. on his back," and "No weight in reason would stop him." The point arises: 1s 8 st. 13 lb. a reasonable weight? He is considered officially to be 8 lb. better than Lycaon, 4 lb. better than Mushroom, and 12 lb. better than Royal Tender and Phryxus—an estimate that places him, theoretically, very near to Sunstar. One thing may be said with certainty: if he be allowed to take his chance in the Cambridgeshire, he will be a great public favourite.



THE NEW "PARASOL" SUNSHADE FOR CARRIAGES:
THE DEVICE FOLDED.

these circumstances have had the effect of keeping King William at not less than 6 to 4. There is no doubt that many critics are prejudiced against this horse, and where prejudice enters, judgment is apt to disappear. When a man is prejudiced in favour of a horse he is blind to the excellence of his opponents, and when he is prejudiced against a horse it is with the greatest difficulty that one can induce him to discuss that animal calmly. Basing St. Leger calculations on book form, I come to the conclusion that King William has slightly the better of the chances with Lycaon and Prince Palatine. All the trio are reported to have done a rattling preparation, but according to my man at Newmarket—a thoroughly good judge—King William has thriven on his work to such an extent that he anticipates with some confidence a second successive St. Leger victory for the House of Stanley. A peculiarity attaching to the history of the St. Leger is that, starting from 1885, there have been four periods in which the favourite has scored three times running. Melton, Ormonde, and Kilwarlin in 1885-6-7; Sir Visto, Persimmon, and Galtee More in 1895-6-7; Sceptre, Rock Sand, and Pretty Polly in 1902-3-4; and Woolwinder, Your Majesty, and Bayardo in 1907-8-9. During the last thirty years some dreadful outsiders have won—notably, Geheimniss (40 to 1) in 1882, Throstle (50 to 1) in 1894, Doricles (40 to 1) in 1901, and Challacombe (100 to 6) in 1905. "Possible" outsiders to-day are Tootles, Bannockburn, and Forest Lassie. My selection for the race will be found under "Monday Tips."

Hornet's Beauty. Most of the interest in the weights for the Cambridgeshire centred round Sir W. Cooke's Hornet's Beauty. From the moment it was known that this remarkable horse was entered, the most common question one heard was: "What weight do you think Hornet's Beauty will get?" The answer of the committee of handicappers (Messrs. Dawson, Keyser, and Lee) is 8 st. 13 lb. Amateurs had tried their hand at the problem, and not one of them had placed the horse so highly, 8 st. 12 lb. having been the topmost weight, and 8 st. 7 lb. the lowest. The approximate value of this horse, so far as the weight he should carry in a Cambridgeshire, would be extremely difficult to

"Grouping" Fixtures.

One of that body of men who come under the heading of "regular racegoers" was protesting to me the other day that the stewards of the Jockey Club did not, according to his view, make a sufficient study of geography when compiling the list of flat-race fixtures. The main idea he propounded was that race meetings should be grouped, so that travelling could be lessened. There is a lot to be said in its favour, but I fancy the stewards, as far as possible, study this sort of thing. There is nothing much awry with Lincoln



THE SUNSHADE CARRIAGE: THE "PARASOL" OPEN.

This device is to be seen in the streets of Marseilles, and is likely to be adopted in various other places.
Photographs by Ch. Delius.

and Liverpool in the first week of the season, and the second this year was certainly "grouped," Nottingham preceding Warwick and Derby. Another popular series is Nottingham and Leicester, which frequently follow each other. The Epsom Meetings are followed by one at Sandown or Kempton; but, of course, all those places are close to London. The most popular series is Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Nothing has transpired to cause me to alter my St. Leger selection, which is King William. Other tips are—Doncaster (to-day): Rufford Abbey Handicap, Mirador; Bradgate Park Nursery, Pollen; Cleveland Handicap, Cyrene; Tattersall's Sale Stakes, Kempion. To-morrow: Alexandra Handicap, Denney; Portland Handicap, Cigar; Wharcliffe Handicap, Filibuster; Rous Plate, Javelin or Homestead; Scarborough Stakes, Hornet's Beauty. Friday: Westmorland Handicap, Humorist; Prince of Wales's Nursery, Omnibus; Doncaster Cup, Lemberg; Doncaster Stakes, Stedfast; Park Hill Stakes, Forest Lassie. Alexandra Park (Saturday): September Welter, Chelys colt; Finsbury Handicap, Dutch China; Mile Nursery, Tom.



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Coming Home. The aspect of a steamer alive with returning Britons is a singularly cheerful one. No one can say that the younger generation, at any rate, takes its holidays sadly, and there is on nearly every ship which crosses the Channel in these first days of September an atmosphere of hilarity and high spirits which is very pleasing. The air is electric with youth, health, and what Richard Wagner calls "a flock of wild hopes"; burnt faces and hands tell their own tale of a vacation out of doors, and the number of tennis-rackets, golf-clubs, and bicycles would stock a Holborn shop. At every turn are groups of bronzed young creatures full of their own exquisite private jokes, brimming over with reminiscences of somebody's historic swim or an epoch-making foursome. It is not by any means a sentimental crowd, for youngsters nowadays are not romantic, and girls and boys alike devote their conversation to sport, chaffing each other with much candour and good-humour, not sparing, even, each other's personal appearance. This charming comradeship all makes for gaiety and good-humour, for broken hearts are quite out of fashion, and the young Eros seems to play a wholly insignificant part in the annual holiday on foreign shores. So obvious is the atmosphere of fun among these homecoming Britons that the one or two French people on board have the air of sad spectres at the feast of life, of

of voyaging by the Orient Express or of meandering on the waterways of Venice or Stockholm. This planning of routes and searching for trains is, to be sure, an inexpensive way of enjoying oneself, and, moreover, it infallibly gains for you the life-long goodwill of your fellow-men.

The Cosiness of England.

Always, on returning from abroad—it may be Austria, Switzerland, or France—the impression you receive of your native countryside is that of smallness, of cosiness, of that aspect as of an orchard or a garden which is so characteristic of our island. After the long, straight, monotonous roads of the Continent, the vast stretches of land, the ragged, hacked-about wayside trees, the unlovely villages of Northern France or Germany, in which flaming advertisements of petrol or of tyres figure so largely, the tiny fields, the green hedges, the red-tiled villages, the squat grey church-towers of England seem extraordinarily attractive as you fly past them in the Continental express. These grey church-towers and thatched cottages seem part of the soil, to have grown into the landscape rather than to have been erected on the land, and I know no other place—except the white Moorish towns of Northern Africa—which has this special characteristic, this infinite, indescribable charm.

All women, it is well known, are interested in the subject of dress, even if it be but the comparatively unromantic dress of men, and we need not apologise, therefore, for mentioning on this page the famous collection of old English costumes made by Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A., the well-known historical painter, which has just been acquired from him by the Trustees of the new London Museum. With laudable patriotism, Mr. Lucas refused more tempting offers made by the Metropolitan Museum of New York and other institutions, so that the collection should not be lost to London. In his historical pictures, such as that of Drake playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe when the Armada was sighted, Mr. Lucas has always made a point of painting the costumes from actual garments of the period. His collection extends from the days of Henry VIII. to that of George III., and is especially rich in Elizabethan costume, and that of Stuart times, both Cavalier and Puritan. The collection will be placed on view shortly at Kensington Palace, and along with it will be shown some most interesting historic costumes of recent times that have been acquired by favour of the King and Queen and of Queen Alexandra. These include dresses worn by Queen Victoria, various early Victorian fashions, her Coronation robes, and those of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and costumes worn by Queen Mary at the latter ceremony, and at her own wedding.



FOR THE MORNING.

The blouse is in soft white washing silk, embroidered in red and blue. The skirt is of raspberry-coloured homespun with inverted pleats, opening just below the knee, and trimmed with silk braid.

beings who have said good-bye to Joy. It must be owned that this English energy, this capacity for enjoyment, is a national asset which yet may find its true outlet.

Migratory Birds.

With the coming of September a passion for change seems to seize upon the human race. The Wanderlust marks them for its own. If they are in the South, an irresistible impulse compels them to go North; if they are sojourning in the West they must, forsooth, betake themselves with all celerity to the East. Trains and steamers are full of restless folk eagerly discussing "plans," railway routes, hotels, visits in this or that country-house. Only a week ago these people were all the most placid, the most contented of mortals, thinking of nothing more exciting than their daily swim, or what was the fare for breakfast or dinner. But let one person in a party begin to discuss trains and time-tables, and it will upset the laziest, the most procrastinating individual alive. There are folks so devoted to that instrument of torture, the French *Indicateur*, that they do, of their own free will, pass hours looking out trains for other people, making maps of routes, and advising about hotels in Moscow or Munich. Such curiously minded folk enjoy their travelling vicariously; like the war-horse, they sniff the scent of battle from afar, and indulge in delirious dreams



[Copyright.]

FOR THE AFTERNOON.

This is a visiting-frock of tan-coloured cloth, faced with black and trimmed with passementerie to match. The kimono under the bodice is of printed foulard.

CITY NOTES

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICERS, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 26.

ANOTHER CRISIS.

BERLIN has managed to tangle her financial skein into such a muddle as to produce a condition akin to panic, and, as usual, London is called upon to bear the brunt of the storm. The trouble has arisen very quickly, its pace accelerated by the withdrawal of large French deposit accounts from the German banks, which caused the latter to call in loans from customers, and to curtail facilities to the speculators who had been carrying stock on borrowed money. The acute slump in Canadas and other Yankees has come at a time when the Stock Exchange had its hands quite full enough of other difficulties, and the outcome of this week's settlement is awaited with much anxiety.

HOME RAILWAY STOCKS.

It seems as if the Home Railway Market cannot get a fair grip on the public fancy, because each time that prices rally they go back again in that sagging fashion which is so difficult for the bull to bear. The Board of Trade returns are not helpful, nor are the echoes of the Strike disturbances, with which the air is still throbbing. The Railway Commission can scarcely be described as a bull point, at all events up to the present. The masters' side remains to be heard, but, going upon the men's evidence, it seems clear enough that the Companies have got to pay considerably more in wages and other expenses; more, no doubt, than they will get back by way of increased fares and freights extracted from the travelling public. There is a weakness about the Home Railway Market which also suggests that liquidation is by no means over, and that, for the time being, it is as well to stand from under until the outlook becomes more settled.

FOREIGN RAILWAYS.

There is no need for us to labour the point that, in season and out of it, we have stuck to our opinion that a time would come for a general recovery in South American Railway stocks. In all the gloom and depression of the last few weeks Argentine Railways have been shining exceptions. There is so little else that people can buy with a reasonable prospect of the purchase turning out right, that they are to some extent forced into this department, where we look to see the rise continued some way further. Buenos Ayres and Pacific has scored the main advance, a matter perhaps for some regret to those who foresee a possible disappointment in connection with the dividend so nearly due on the Company's stock. The market would be the better for going on its own investment merits, and Pacifics are a speculation. Accordingly, our own idea is that the buyer should stick to such issues as Buenos Ayres Great Southern, Central Argentine, and Buenos Ayres Western amongst the Argentine Railways. Should he care to go farther afield, Antofagasta Deferred is cheap at 137, and the low prices of Mexican Railway stocks will not have been missed by those who keep a sharp eye upon the trend of popular markets in the Stock Exchange.

TEA SHARES.

While the House as a whole remains in a state of flatness, the prices of Tea shares are beginning again to advance in a quiet manner which recalls the commencement of the little boomlet in tea during the earlier part of this year. That movement became checked by a too rapid rushing up of prices before the public had consented to take a hand in the market, and it was arrested still more sharply by the failure of several of the newly formed Tea trusts to secure any large slice of public favour. This, however, did not prevent the Companies, naturally, from going on in the prosperous way which has been indicated here on several occasions, and the recent improvement which has taken place excuses a little trumpet-blowing on the part of those of us who recommended Jetinga Valley, Imperial, and a few of the higher-priced shares when they stood well below the level to which they have attained now. We doubt whether there will be any special boom in the Tea Market; but, at the same time, it is worth noticing that buyers largely predominate, and that, with a very small floating supply of shares, there is plenty of scope yet for a further advance in the principal shares.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

After the slump should come peace. It will be a profound relief to stand in the Stock Exchange and hear once more the voice of the buyer challenging that of the seller. More nerve-racking weeks than those of the last month there are not many of us who can remember. Slumps we are all accustomed to—they come far more frequently than booms—but in the ordinary way the acute pressure to sell lasts for two or three days, and then arrives recovery. For nearly six weeks, however, it has been nothing but Sell, Sell, Sell all the time, and those unfortunates amongst us who had to be in the House while—

"From morn
To noon they fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's month; and with the setting sun
Dropped Yankees, like the falling stars"

(to misquote Milton) deserve, fair reader, your most gracious sympathy. However,

it may be better before these lines see print, and we devoutly hope the flatness in its most violent form will not return for the rest of the present year.

The amount of stock sold during those few weeks has been something enormous. Some of it never came to the House at all. Accounts were taken over outside, and at prices well below those current in the market at the time, but even in the Stock Exchange itself the liquidation probably transcended anything which had been seen for months, if not for years, past. That this huge amount of weak stuff should have been sold at all is a strong argument in favour of the contention that London, after all, is the chief market of the world. Certain it is that no provincial exchange could have taken more than a small quantity of the stock offered. Homes, however, have been found for it amongst the strong people who are not likely to sell to-day or to-morrow. They took big risks, and they are going for big profits, which they certainly deserve, because on one or two days the situation looked absolutely critical, and glancing back, one is astonished that there should have been no sheer panic.

Many people in the House have got badly hit, of course. Not only through their own speculations, but also by virtue (or by vice) of clients not paying differences, many brokers find themselves in, at all events, an uncomfortable position. The jobbers are in little better case. The wealthy firms, faced with the necessity of finding large amounts of money in order to pay for stock which they were compelled to buy, were not in every case able to realise ready money with sufficient ease to enable them to regard the situation with equanimity. As with the small man, so in the case of many big House-firms: they were, and are, loaded up with securities; good enough stocks, perhaps, in themselves, but not of a class readily realisable at a time when everybody else is eager to sell. As soon as confidence began to be restored the outlook changed as though by magic; but, in spite of the fact that things went temporarily better, the crisis came back again, and it will take some time before certain positions are definitely straightened out.

Once more the old moral is reiterated—namely, that it is not once in a thousand times of Continental disturbance that the expected thunderbolt actually falls; and the man who has the courage to buy stock or shares in a thoroughly demoralised market can depend upon reaction if he only has the courage to hang on long enough. Of course, we all fear in such times that it may be the one case in a thousand, when things go badly wrong. If war were to break out, for instance, between Germany and France, a frightful panic could scarcely be averted, and it was the fear of that identical panic which stayed our hands from buying when things looked obviously cheap. After it is all over we may laugh at ourselves, and call our friends by uncomplimentary names for not having had the pluck to back our convictions that all would come right in the end. However, if there were another scare to-morrow, or this afternoon, I don't suppose for a minute that any one of us would act differently from what we did. We should, I mean, abstain from picking up things which we feel convinced must be cheap at prices which afterwards look absolutely certain bargains.

Glancing around the markets at present, the brief revival in Kaffirs drew attention to the fact that a good many of the leading shares pay quite well on the money at the present time. One enterprising firm in the House seized the psychological moment for drawing up a list of dividend-paying Kaffirs, to show what attractions they have for the speculative investor; and although the prices have risen to some extent since the catalogue was compiled, I take leave to reproduce some of the most striking features presented in that list—

NAME.	Price.	Dividends 1911, Rate of	Dividends Earned.	Yield.	Life, Approx. Years.	Yield, after Allowing for Redemption.
		p.c.	p.c.	p.c.		p.c.
City and Suburban, £4 Shares	2 3-8	10	11½	19	6	5
Crown Mines, 10s. Shares	7 3-8	120	115	8	50	8
Consolidated Main Reef	15-16	7½	11	11½	80	11½
Durban Koodepoort	2 1-8	40	43	20	12	14
Ferreira Deep	3½	45	35	9	12	3
Geldenhuis Deep	2 7-8	35	35	12	17	8
Meyer and Charlton	3 7-8	40	50	10	Over 20	10
Main Reef West	1½	20	20	13	50	13
Nourse Mines	2 3-8	20	26	11	26	11
Nigel	1 3-8	15	22	16	10	8
New Primrose	2 1-8	60	60	28	4½	8
New Modder, £4 Shares	11	22½	24	8½	40	8½
New Heriot	5	80	84	10½	13	11
New Kleinfontein	1 7-8	20	24	13	25	13
New Unified	7-8	10	19	21	6	7
Rose Deep	3 3-8	40	43	13	12	7
Robinson Deep	2 7-8	30	33	11½	12	5
Van Ryn	3½	55	47½	13½	20	10½
Village Deep	2	10	18	9	23	9
Witwatersrand Deep	3 5-8	50	59	16½	15	12
Wolhuter	1½	15	18½	15	15	10½
Witwatersrand (Knight's)	2 3-8	35	35	15	25	15

From the above table it will be noticed that, even allowing for redemption of capital, quite a good selection of Kaffirs can be obtained to yield big returns on capital investment. After the experience of the East Rand there must, of course, be a certain extra element of doubt felt with regard to the estimates and calculations which have been made in regard to the lives and productivity of the leading Companies. The East Rand is a glaring example of how these things should not be managed, because we have had it dinned into us as an article of faith in the Kaffir Market that at 5½ East Rands were a 7½ per cent. proposition upon which one could sleep without anxiety, and which could be bought for maiden aunts who clamoured for high yields without much prospect of a fall in the price of their shares. East Rands were, in their way, regarded as a kind of Mining Consols of the Kaffir Circus, and for public confidence to be so rudely and so justifiably shaken as it has been by the prospect of the dividend coming down to 35 or 30 per cent., means a blow to the whole market. Still the fall in most of the leading shares has been excessive, hastened, of course, by the liquidation from London and the Cape, and at the current range of quotations, the table given above shows that by taking risks such as are inseparable to all mining concerns, the speculative investor can do very well with his money.

After the recovery and relapse in South Africans, one of the most interesting features around the House is the greater attention extended to Rubber shares. Here again it has been the popular leaders that have participated most. But the shrewd people who study the industry apart from the mere market point of view are not encouraging their clients to buy such shares as Linggis represent, choosing rather the younger Companies, which are just coming into the producing stage or which have lately entered it, instead of those concerns making magnificent returns and paying very big dividends, which, in the course of time, one would expect to see inevitably reduced. It is in the shares of the latter class where most activity exists and where most of the gambling goes on. They are perpetually in the public eye, and it is to them, therefore, that the public looks for such movements as insure quick profits or losses. Yet the believer in the Rubber industry will do better to put his money into such shares as Langkat Sumatra, Brie, Sennah, Chota, Sialang, and similar shares.

To conclude, a frank irrelevancy: The four-year-old was being tucked up, kissed, and so forth, for the night. He asked for the electric light to be turned on. "No, Toddles," said his Mother, "you don't want the light on when you are going to sleep." He looked at his Mother indignantly. "How can I see to go to sleep if it's dark?" he demanded! The answer can be supplied by parents more experienced than

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Sept. 9, 1911.

THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

A Royal Rest. At Balmoral the King and Queen and the members of their family have the nearest approach to a quiet, simple family life that such important and exalted personages can know. The King, of course, has a Minister in attendance and numberless duties to fulfil. The Queen is able to walk more in the Highlands than anywhere, and takes full advantage of the privilege. The King can enjoy his shooting and deer-stalking as he himself arranges it, and after two or three hours devoted to work in the mornings can have hours at sport. What, apparently, gives him greatest pleasure is fishing with his boys. Of this sport Prince Albert never tires, and he shows great skill. Although the Highlands have had some rain the rivers are not yet in ply, but the loch fishing is good. The Braemar Gathering had been greatly looked forward to this year, as it was the first appearance thereof of their present Majesties.

The Sea King's Daughter.

Queen Alexandra is having one of those cruises which do her more good than anything. Her Majesty was greatly cheered by the visits to her at Sandringham of several members of her family, and left for her cruise in better health and spirits than at any time since her widowhood. She has now the bright society of Queen Maud, and Princess Victoria is also much enjoying having "Harrie," as her Norwegian Majesty is called in the bosom of her family, with her. It is hoped that Queen Alexandra will come back well, and able to go out and get the good out of life. Anyone who understands her Majesty knows that until two years from the time of her widowhood have elapsed she will live quite quietly. It has always been her theory that life is quite long enough to mourn for those we love, and she has never failed to put it in practice.

The modern manner of shortening the periods of mourning has had no encouragement from her. So soon, however, as Queen Alexandra does again resume social life her welcome will be a warm one. It is likely that she will have her own circle and entertain at Marlborough House, and be entertained by those to whom she will accord such honour. Her life among us will, we hope, be resumed on the lines adopted by Queen Margherita of Italy, idolised by the Italian people, who call her "the Pearl of Savoy" even as we, following Tennyson, call Queen Alexandra "the Sea King's Daughter." Queen Margherita makes appearances at the Quirinal on State occasions, but reigns in her own Court circle as supreme as when King Humbert was alive.

"Far from the Maddening Crowd."

The Duchess of Sutherland is in the North, but not at Dunrobin, where her Grace has spent but one day this autumn. Her younger son, Lord Alistair Leveson-Gower, is there, and sometimes Lady Rosemary, with their grandmother, Blanche Lady Rosslyn. The Duchess is at Tongue, which is forty miles from Lairg, the nearest railway-station. It is a beautiful part of the country, if remote, and there she is able to live her own life. A member of a singularly unconventional and remarkably talented family, the Duchess finds little pleasure in the beaten and somewhat battered social track of littlenesses and samenesses. Her Grace has shown often that she thinks big thoughts and likes great things. Playing her part in a London season is a duty to her rather than a pleasure, and she has little patience with conventions, and makes her friends where she pleases. It is in her to do fine literary work—all she has achieved is so full of promise; the concessions, however, that she must make to her position are hampering, and the conditions of her life are not conducive to consecutive thought. Tongue, however, should be inspiring.



OUR MOTLEY NOTER AS ACTOR: MR. KEBLE HOWARD AS BASIL MARSH IN HIS OWN PLAY, "THE GIRL WHO COULDN'T LIE."

A Sportswoman Bride.

The Hon. Lady Bailey, in marrying a man very much her senior, is yet the wife of one who is young in his mind, heart, and tastes, and who will sympathise with her thoroughly in her love of sport. Sir Abe Bailey has, perhaps, the most extensive racing stable in South Africa, and may yet pull off the Blue Ribbon of the Turf here, for it is said that he has some fine stock. Then he can offer his bride sport in South Africa different in condition from what she has known here, but as exciting in quality. She was M. H. H. in her own county, and out in South Africa may be M. J. H., for jackals are a common quarry hunted with hounds. Lady Bailey is also, I understand, a good shot, and will have plenty of unspoiled sport in her new life. Her cousin the Duchess of Newcastle, her mother, her aunt Miss Naylor, her father, and her younger brothers are all more interested in and keen about sport than anything else. Lord Rossmore's brother, whom he succeeded, was killed riding a steeplechase at Windsor. Sir Abe is a very wealthy man, and he and his wife have something in common in Dutch ancestors.

Readers of *The Sketch* are all, we hope, interested in soap, and will be pleased to learn that Messrs. John Knight, Ltd., the well-known soap-makers, have been awarded the Grand Prix at the Festival of Empire Exhibition at the Crystal Palace.

There should be a very large public for Gamage's Association Football Annual, "The Green Book," published by that well-known firm of sporting outfitters at sixpence net. The new edition for 1911-12, is the third, and contains some fresh features, including a list of University "Soccer Blues," with their schools and colleges. Likewise the lists of Internationals have been thoroughly revised and brought up to date. Within a small compass the book contains an enormous amount of tabulated information regarding clubs, players, and recent events of interest to followers of the Association game. It is illustrated with several portraits and groups.



MR. KEBLE HOWARD ON THE STAGE: THE WRITER OF OUR "MOTLEY NOTES" AS THE CURATE IN "COMPROMISING MARTHA."

Mr. Keble Howard, who is so well known to readers of "The Sketch" as writer of "Motley Notes," is on tour with his own company in his own plays, "Compromising Martha" and "The Girl who Couldn't Lie." Mr. Howard has turned actor for the time, and is seen as the Curate in the former play and as Basil Marsh in the latter.

One of the signs of the times is the disappearance from London streets of the lavender-sellers with their quaintly intoned cry, "Who'll buy my sweet lavender?" People who wish their rooms to smell sweet no longer need to purchase lavender in its natural form, for a bottle of Crown Lavender Salts left open for a minute or two in a room will deodorise and perfume it much more speedily than lavender-blossoms, which are, after all, rather untidy in a room. Much of the lavender grown at Mitcham now goes to the Crown Perfumery Company's laboratories instead of being hawked in the streets, and is turned into the invigorating and refreshing Crown Lavender Salts. They can be had from any chemist.

Undoubtedly The White House, of 51, New Bond Street, was among the first to recognise the wisdom of giving the finest quality linen and lace materials, made in the latest fashion, at moderate prices, and to-day their reward is an extraordinary increase in trade. So successful, indeed, has The White House been that they are now forced to treble the size of their premises, and, before making the necessary building alterations, they intend to clear out all their stock at genuine bargain-prices. It is

not customary to hold any sale at this period of the year, and the exception is a guarantee that everyone can obtain real bargains in highly fashionable linen and lace goods. Who, for instance, has not heard of the wonderful two-letter monogram linen handkerchiefs which the White House will sell at the sale at 7s. 6d. a dozen? Their coloured handkerchiefs, the lingerie, blouses and linen dresses, table and house linen, are all known to the most exacting purchasers, and all these goods will be disposed of at exceedingly low prices. The sale started on the 11th, and lasts until the 16th inclusive.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"A Painter of Souls."By DAVID LISLE.
(Methuen.)

prig, who is proposed to in moonlit balconies by proud, inaccessible, almost royal women — refusing them, too, as well as filthy lucre, for his art — but no; this is no man's affair. Delicate feminine fingers hid behind the man's glove when this idealistic portrait of a painter was painted; and the Lyceum, not the Carlton nor the Savage, will understand and recognise him. Very few will fail to enjoy the exotic Ouida-like pictures of Roman society: the women all beautiful, elegant, and very expensively dressed — "draped" in Venetian guipure, with Mechlin and things like that;

It is open to belief, it is almost necessary of belief, that the name "David Lisle" veils a sex. That any man should create another man as an unexampled genius, an irresistibly handsome, intellectual, and, of course, distinguished-looking

living in rooms to match, and holding wonderful conversations, led by Mr. Dering and others, but chiefly by Mr. Dering. Their topics range from Rodin to Houssay, but the reasoning for the most part is strangely like the talk that could be heard years ago, when one was adorably young, in any little artist's café of Cornwall or Brittany. That things only exist in relation to other things; that no one *thinks*, really; that painting, finely considered, is not the handmaid of prettiness; that Rodin is "difficult," but great; that values are more than colour. How entrancing these themes used to be over the bad black coffee

and cheap cigarettes! But they do acquire *chic* when treated by Ducas and Princesses and Cardinals in beautiful Latin salons, with Socrates looking like Adonis and painting better than Leonardo. It is a little irritating that no one has the heart to stand up to Socrates. When he scornfully aways with the innocent idiom of "falling in" love "because falling in implies the possibility of falling out," *why* did not someone ask, "What about a well?" And when pretty Clio is crushed by the painter's sister, who is moon

(Continued overleaf.)



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This greeting was sent by the first aerial post in the United Kingdom to members of the Royal Aero Club to commemorate the completion of the first decade since the foundation of that club, which was founded during a balloon voyage, September, 1901, by Mr. F. Hedges Butler, his daughter, Miss Vera Butler (now Mrs. Iltid Nicholl), and the late Hon. C. S. Rolls.

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£1000 INSURANCE. See page 300.

CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with The Old Woman and the New; Mr. T. W. Burgess Swimming Across the Channel; Varieties of the Octopus and other Cephalopoda; Welsh Terriers; Figures Made Up of a Single Figure; Sir Herbert Tree as Macbeth; "Macbeth," at His Majesty's; "Romeo and Juliet," at the New Theatre.

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Attention of the mystically inclined seems to be centred at present upon the work of Mr. Clay Burton Vance, who, although laying claim to no special gift of supernatural powers, attempts to reveal the lives of people through the slender clue of birth-dates. The undeniable accuracy of his delineations leads one to surmise that heretofore palmists, prophets, astrologers, and seers of divers beliefs have failed to apply the true principles of the science of divination.

The following letters are published as evidence of Mr. Vance's ability. Mr. Lafayette Redditt writes: "My Reading received. With the greatest amazement I read, as step by step you outlined my life since infancy. I have been somewhat interested along these lines for years, but had no idea that such priceless advice could be given. I must admit that you are indeed a very remarkable man, and am glad you use your great gift to benefit your clients."

Mr. Fred Walton writes: "I did not expect such a splendid outline of my life. The scientific value of your Readings cannot be fully appreciated until one has his own Reading. To consult you means success and happiness."

Arrangements have been made to give free test Readings to all readers of "The Sketch," but it is especially requested that those who wish to avail themselves of this generous offer make application at once. If you wish a delineation of your own life, if you wish a true description of your characteristics, talents, and opportunities, simply send your full name, the date, month, and year of your birth (state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss), and also copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

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Please read my life:
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Send your letter to Mr. Clay Burton Vance, Suite 180, No. 14, Rue de Richelieu, Paris, France. If you wish, you may enclose od. (postal order or halfpenny stamps of your own country), to pay postage, clerical work, etc. Please note that 2d. postage is required on letters posted to France. Do not enclose coins or silver in your letter.



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are known to Johnnie Walker. Johnnie Walker—the bottled experience of four generations in the art of distilling—is obtainable everywhere. In three ages, Johnnie Walker "White Label," 6 years old. Johnnie Walker "Red Label," 10 years old. Johnnie Walker "Black Label," 12 years old.

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JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

BARLEY, WHEAT AND MILK
in Powder Form.

THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK FOR ALL AGES.

Delicious, nourishing and refreshing.

The wholesome nutrition of pure, rich milk and choice malted grain, supplying strength and vigour, with little tax on digestion.

PREPARED IN A MOMENT WITH WATER. NO COOKING.

Used instead of tea, coffee or cocoa at meals develops healthy bodies and clear brains. Equally useful to the vigorous and the weak, the business or professional man, the youth, the maid, the mother, the child, or the infant.

AN EFFICIENT CORRECTIVE OF INSOMNIA, TAKEN HOT BEFORE RETIRING.

In Glass Bottles, 1/6, 2/6, 11/-, at all Chemists and Stores.
Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK COMPANY,
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Four days only

is the time taken to clean & renovate dresses, costumes, materials & fabrics of all kinds by the unrivalled Achille Serre process of dry cleaning

Achille Serre's charges are moderate and their methods guaranteed to be harmless

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A dainty brochure of prices and information "*The Achille Serre Way*," will gladly be posted to you on request

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Important to Young Mothers.

Every mother is aware of the difficulty of administering to children the old-fashioned aperients such as castor oil, black draught and various infusions. These antiquated domestic remedies have an unpleasant and in many cases nauseating taste and often more harm than good results from their use. Experienced mothers, however, have found that the preparation "*PURGEN*" (especially the "*INFANT PURGEN*" in pink tablets) supersedes all these old medicines and possesses remarkable advantages over the latter, viz. :—

- (1.) *PURGEN* has a pleasing and tempting appearance which has made it popular with both children and adults.
- (2.) *PURGEN* has an agreeable and aromatic flavour, and children generally look upon the tablets as a confection or sweetmeat.
- (3.) *PURGEN* always acts with certainty and causes no pain; and even in large doses it is quite innocuous.

The "*Adult*" and "*Strong*" grades of *PURGEN* are nowadays an indispensable remedy for grown-up persons, more especially for ladies during confinement, as they are pleasant to take and never cause nausea or discomfort under any circumstances.

Children, therefore, need no longer be tormented with castor oil, or adults with Epsom salts and such like drugs so horrible in taste.

PURGEN can be obtained from leading chemists and stores, or Sample and Booklet will be sent, post free, on application to

H. & T. KIRBY & Co., Ltd.,
14, Newman Street,
London, W.

The
Ideal
Aperient
PURGEN

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH



BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

SCRUBB'S AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
Softens Hard Water.

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, &c.

SCRUBB & CO., LTD., GUILDFORD ST., LAMBETH, LONDON, S.E.

ACTUAL

John Pound & Co.

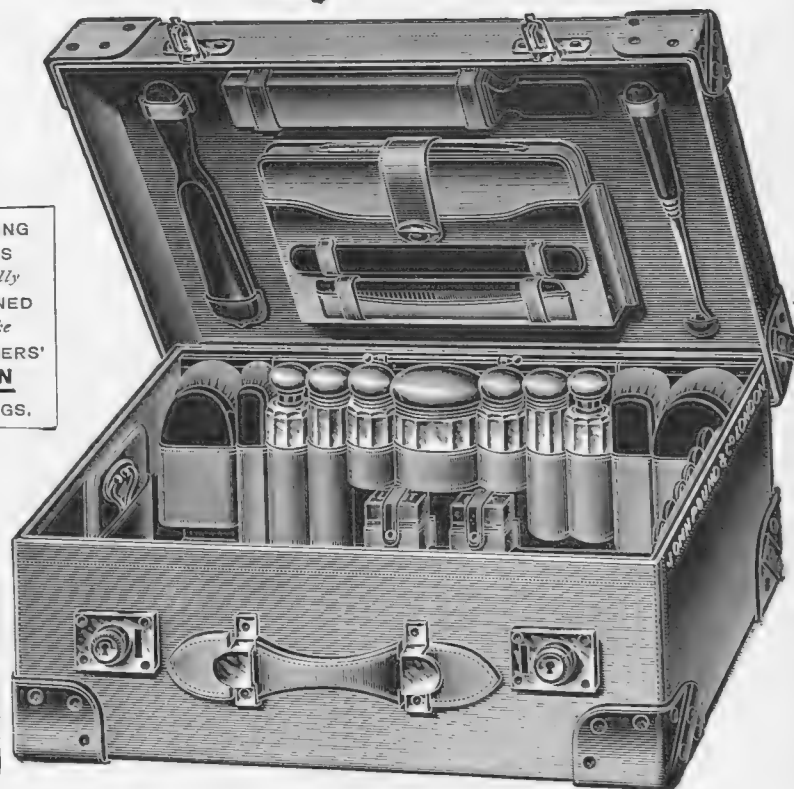
MAKERS.



Ladies' Best ROLLED HIDE Case, with Engraved SOLID SILVER Fittings.
Size, 20 X 13½ X 7. SPECIAL VALUE, £22

DRESSING
CASES
Specially
DESIGNED
to take
CUSTOMERS'
OWN
FITTINGS.

Write for
Catalogues.
1. Dressing
Cases.
2. Trunks
and Bags.
3. Cutlery
and Silver



Gentleman's 24 in. Best ROLLED HIDE Dressing Case, SILVER and
EBONY Fittings, £12 12 0

268-270, Oxford Street, W.

211, Regent Street, W.

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177-178, Tottenham Court Road, W.

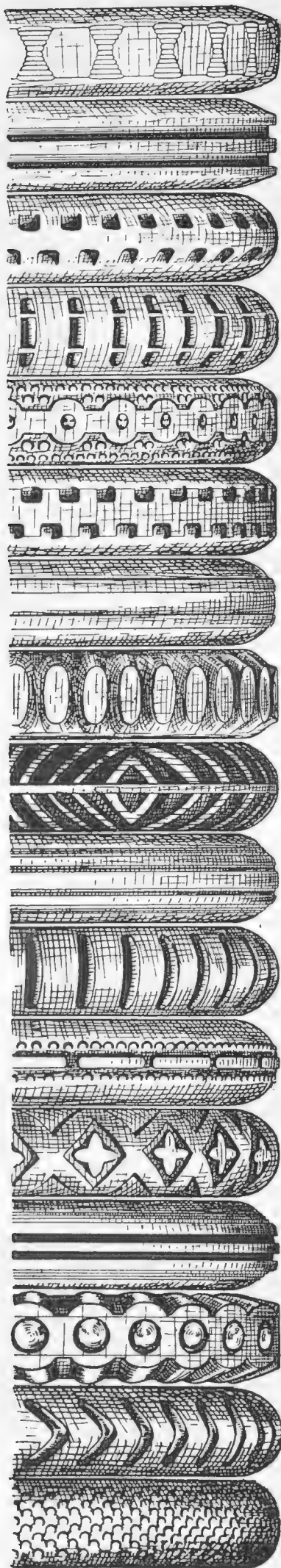
243, Brompton Road, S.W.

Telephone:
4277 AVENUE, 2 lines.

81, 82, 83, 84, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C. "POUND, LONDON."

Telegrams:

Bibendum on Tyre Fashions.



AS a practical motorist, have you ever been struck by the extraordinary divergence of opinion which our many competitors exhibit regarding the correct design for the tread of an all-rubber cover? Look at the adjoining "pictures," taken from issues of various motor papers. It is a strange fact that most other tyre companies base their claim upon public affection because their tyres are manufactured with a **special** form of tread, guaranteed to perform all sorts of wonderful feats.

Why?

It would seem that they are trying to please customers much in the same way as a picture dealer who, in exhibiting a picture set in a showy frame, diverts the attention of the purchaser from the real object—the picture itself—by enlarging upon the merits of the frame.

But where does the value lie? In the painting itself or the frame?

The very fact of such a great variety of fancy pattern tyres proves conclusively that none of these patterns is correct. Either one pattern is the best, and should be universally adopted by every tyre manufacturer throughout the world, or all are unnecessary. The only redeeming feature I can see is that they serve as an advertising point for pushing sales; in which case we must say that the tyre manufacturer has not the interest of his clients at heart.

He ought not to say: "Now here are a few of my assorted patterns. I haven't the ghost of a notion which is the best; it is for you to make your choice." What he should say is: "I have experimented with all sorts and shapes of tyres, and this is the model I have found to be the best; consequently I do not manufacture any other design. If I did, I would be deceiving you."

If the grooves on one tread are good, then how can the ribs on another be equally good?

And what happens to all those lumps? At the outset they support the whole weight and bear the driving strain; then, after a time, disgusted with having so much work put upon them, they quickly disappear. Result? **A plain tread cover.**

Again, have you ever compared the thickness of a Michelin Square Tread with a grooved or fancy pattern cover? Measured from the bottom of the grooves there is nearly $\frac{1}{13}$ th of an inch less substance than in our Square Tread; and, in the case of another, if we measure the tread at its thickest part, we find $15\frac{1}{2}$ m/m as opposed to the 18 m/m of the Michelin Square Tread, *i.e.*, $\frac{1}{10}$ th of an inch less substance.

You must not be surprised, then, if they last a shorter time than a Michelin Square Tread; and yet some of these tyres cost you more than you would pay for one of our Square Treads. Then, to revert to our original comparison, why pay more than the picture is worth because of the ornamental frame?

Was I not right when I said it was purely a huge piece of advertising bluff?

MICHELIN TYRE CO., LTD.,

81, Fulham Road, Chelsea, London, S.W.



Every "gun" knows that it is humanly impossible for eye, brain and hand to work in instantaneous concert.

The clearer the eye and brain, and the steadier the nerves the more nearly does the "gun" approach this ideal—and many gun-lovers judiciously abstain from the stronger stimulants when aspiring to a really good "bag." For such experts

ROSS'S *Belfast Dry*
Ginger Ale

supplies a long-felt want. Refreshing, invigorating and without relaxing after effect—"Ross" owes its tonic benefits to its perfect ingredients, and its quality to the personal supervision of the third generation of Ross. With a slice of lemon, "Ross" is most delicious.

W. A. Ross & Sons, Ltd., Belfast.
LONDON: 6 Colonial Avenue, Minories, E.
(Wholesale only.)
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(Wholesale only.) 28

Casino du Touquet

Near BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

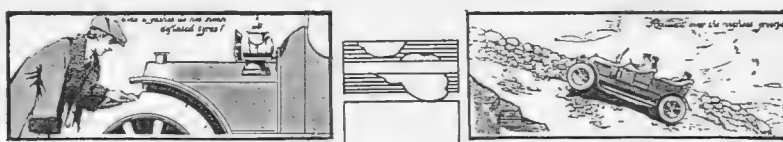
Open until the 15th October.

Hôtel Hermitage
Hôtel des Anglais
FACING THE CASINO
Golf Hotel

GOLF

TENNIS

FOOTBALL



Pfleumatic

THE SAFEST THING IN TYRES.

It can be safely said that but for the dread of tyre troubles, many owners of cars would save themselves the expense and trouble of a chauffeur, while many more people would become motorists.

To all victims of tyre troubles and to those who would avoid them, we say, try PFLEUMATIC.

Users of Pfleumatic can always rely on carrying out their journeys with all the advantages and comforts of an air-filled tyre, yet without the fear of puncture or sudden deflation.

Send for particulars, and end all tyre trouble.

PFLEUMATIC (1910), Ltd., 86, Victoria St.,
London, S.W.

Agents for the POLYRHOË Expanding Carburetter.




The Best Value in Sparkling Wine.

Ackerman-Laurance
"Dry-Royal"

Price 54/- per dozen.

Madam Fanny Moody



Nervousness, Neuralgia, Headaches, Influenza—

Madam Fanny Moody's name is so familiar that the popular prima donna's cordial appreciation of the benefits she has derived from Phosferine will be of great value and interest to all our readers. Madam Fanny Moody agrees with the great Caruso, Mlle. Ghita Corri, and other well-known singers, that the voice will always be in first-class condition when the nerve system is kept up to its full strength with Phosferine. Even the most experienced men and women have a foreboding of failure, or doubt their own powers at odd moments, and the feeling arises from an exhaustion of *nerve force*. In such circumstances a course of Phosferine is invaluable, and the most convincing proof of its efficacy is the fact of its being used by nearly all the well-known celebrities throughout the world. Madam Fanny Moody found Phosferine a positive safeguard against nervous breakdown; and, as a preventive of neuralgia, headaches, chills, and influenza, she says it is simply invaluable.

A Certain Preventive.

Madam Fanny Moody writes: "Phosferine, in my opinion, cannot be praised too highly. I have used it, and can vouch for the extraordinary restorative properties it possesses. I have proved it invaluable for dispelling nervousness, neuralgia, and headaches; and it is also an excellent preventive against chills and influenza. One can keep one's voice in first-class condition by a judicious use of Phosferine previous to fulfilling an engagement. Arduous work and incessant study entailed a severe tax upon my energies, and I have found nothing restores the balance as readily as Phosferine. We artistes do not by any means escape the effects of the 'strenuous life,' and for such your admirable tonic Phosferine is priceless. From my own experience I have confidence in recommending it to my friends as being the most unfailing safeguard against that dreaded twentieth-century complaint 'nervous breakdown.'"

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
Influenza	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Rheumatism
Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Headache
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Hysteria
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

and disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.



The Royal Tonic

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands



To the Royal Family
H.I.M. the Empress of Russia
H.M. the King of Spain
H.M. the King of Greece
H.M. the Queen of Roumania

H.M. the Queen of Spain
H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia
H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia
H.R.H. the Grand Duchess of Hesse
The Imperial Family of China

And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the world.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.



The Strong Sea Air

while extremely beneficial to the general system, ruins the complexion if proper precautions are neglected.

BEETHAM'S La-rola

is already famous as an invaluable preparation for the complexion that has been exposed to the Sun, Heat, and Strong Winds. It entirely prevents all Roughness, Redness, Heat, Irritation, etc., and keeps the Skin Soft, Smooth and White. It is also Delightfully Soothing and Refreshing after all forms of recreation.

IT IMPROVES BAD COMPLEXIONS AND PRESERVES GOOD ONES.

Ladies will derive great benefit by adding a little La-rola to the washing water, as it makes it much softer.

Gentlemen will find it comforting and soothing if applied before and after shaving.

Get a bottle from your chemist to-day. You will be delighted with it. Bottles 1/- and 2/6 each, all Chemists and Stores.

SPECIAL OFFER. Send us 3d. and we will forward you (in the United Kingdom) a box of samples of "La-rola" Tooth Paste, Rose Bloom, Soap.

M. BEETHAM & SON (Dept. S.), CHELTENHAM.



Diamonds and Sapphire, £14



Amethysts, Diamond Points, £5



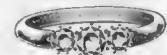
Diamonds, £11 11s.



Diamonds, £26 Rubies, or Sapphires and Diamonds, £21



Diamond Half-Hoops £10 upwards.



Diamonds, £12

BENSON'S ENGAGEMENT RINGS.

Largest Stock, Highest Quality, Best Value.

OBTAINABLE ON

"The Times" SYSTEM OF MONTHLY PAYMENTS

Of £1 and upwards.

Selections of Goods sent on approval at our risk and expense.

Illustrated Books Free.

No. 1, of Watches, Chains and Rings in Colours (with size card).

No. 2, of Clocks, "Empire Plate," Silver for Household use, and pretty yet inexpensive Presents, Suit Cases, etc. Mention "Sketch."

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C. 25, OLD BOND STREET, W., AND 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.

IF YOUR EYES COULD SEE

the impurities in your present drinking-water, you would not hesitate a moment to install a

'Berkefeld' Filter

which renders all drinking-water pure, sparkling, and harmless.

In use in all the leading Hospitals. Acknowledged by the Medical Profession Awarded several Grands Prix, Gold Medals and Diploma of Honour.

TO BE OBTAINED EVERYWHERE.

Write for Catalogue "K" to

THE BERKEFELD FILTER CO., Ltd.
121, OXFORD STREET, W.



ENORMOUS REDUCTIONS

OWING TO THE FALL IN COST OF RAW MATERIALS.

Our motor fabric is nearly double the ordinary strength, thus removing risk of BURSTS. The rubber being highly compressed and toughened by our secret process the tread has EXTRA DURABILITY.

COMPARE OUR PRICES WITH OTHERS.

Size of Tyres.	TERMS AS PER LIST.		Steel-Stud ed.	Tubes.
	Grooved.			
750 x 85	£ s. d. 2 18 6	...	£ s. d. 4 6 0	1 1 0
710 x 90	3 10 0	...	4 4 0	1 2 5
760 x 90	3 14 0	...	4 10 0	1 4 0
810 x 90	4 6 6	...	4 16 0	1 5 7
870 x 90	4 15 6	...	5 5 0	1 8 0
910 x 90	4 18 6	...	5 10 0	1 8 10
760 x 100	4 16 0	...	5 9 0	1 8 10
810 x 100	5 4 0	...	5 17 0	1 10 5
870 x 100	5 12 0	...	6 6 6	1 12 0
815 x 105	5 18 0	...	6 11 6	1 11 2
875 x 105	6 6 6	...	7 2 0	1 13 5
915 x 105	6 13 0	...	7 9 0	1 16 0
820 x 120	7 1 0	...	7 7 6	1 16 0
850 x 120	7 6 6	...	7 14 0	1 18 5
880 x 120	7 13 0	...	8 0 0	2 0 0
920 x 120	8 0 0	...	8 7 6	2 2 5
895 x 135	8 13 0	...	9 6 0	2 4 10
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Rubber Tyre
Manufacturers
by appointment
to H.M. THE KING

As supplied direct to H.M. War Office, London County Council, Wolesley Tool and Motor Car Co., Ltd., Daimler Co., Ltd., Messrs. D. Napier & Sons, Ltd., Bristol Tramways & Carriage Co., Ltd., S. F. Edge, Ltd., Lanchester Motor Co., Ltd., Clement-Talbot, Ltd., Maudslay Motor Car Co., Ltd., Austin Motor Co., Ltd., Dennis Bros., Ltd., &c., &c.

INSIST UPON YOUR MANUFACTURER OR LOCAL AGENT SUPPLYING

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"Always Reliable."

To specify ELEY Cartridges is to do all that can be done in the cartridge direction to ensure good sport.

The all-round reliability of Eley Cartridges has won the steady patronage of leading sportsmen in every country of the world.

**ELEY
'ACME'
CARTRIDGES,**

5-in. deep shell, loaded with Eley (42 gr.) Smokeless Powder and 1 1/2-oz. Shot.

9/- per 100.

Of all Gunmakers and Dealers.
ELEY BROS., LTD., LONDON

140, Fenchurch Street,
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Mr. Bult has designed his new Sporting Jacket for the man who requires comfort and freedom without the sacrifice of style.

Worn with grey flannel trousers it is specially suitable for golfing, walking, fishing, or with knickers, for shooting and cycling; prices are moderate—the jacket with trousers or knickers, from 63/-.

Those requiring dress clothes would do well to see Mr. Bult. He, being a specialist in these garments, assures perfect fit, comfort and distinction.

Dress Suits (silk lined) from 84/-.

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LADIES' BRANCH: 4, Maddox Street, W. (2 doors from Regent Street).

NO SOAP - NO BRUSH - NO CUP
You will find shaving a luxury
if you use

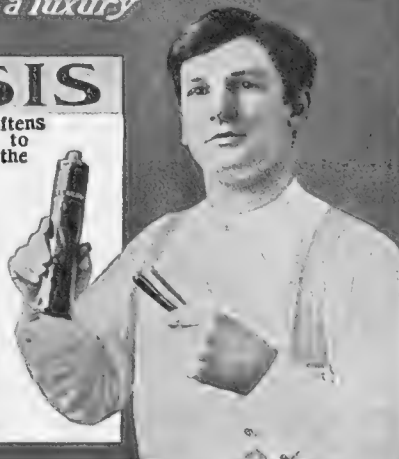
EUX-E-SIS

A delicate demulcent cream which softens the hardest beard and enables you to shave in half the time with twice the comfort. It leaves the skin smooth, soft, and free from irritation.

EUX-E-SIS and a razor—that's all! Invaluable to travellers and motorists. CAUTION—Ask for Widow Lloyd's Eux-e-sis at Chemists or Stores, and observe signature of "Aimée Lloyd" (Widow of A. S. Lloyd) in Red across labels. Refuse any other.

A Tube of EUX-E-SIS, sent post free, for 1s. 6d. by the

Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors,
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Know how to appreciate the High Power and Large Field of Prism Binoculars when combined with Brilliant Definition, Light Intensity, and Stereoscopic Effect.

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Possess these qualities to an extraordinary degree. They are unsurpassed for Military, Naval, and all purposes for which high power Binoculars are required.

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ROSS, Ltd.,
Optical Works: Clapham Common, S.W.
By Royal Warrant Opticians to H.M. the King.

WINGARNIS

A few wineglassfuls of Wincarnis will speedily restore lost vitality and create new life and vigour.



The new 2s. Golf Ball.

Uniform from centre to outside. Won't hack or go out of shape.

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ESTABLISHED OVER HALF A CENTURY.

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DREW'S New Patent LUNCHEON BASKET

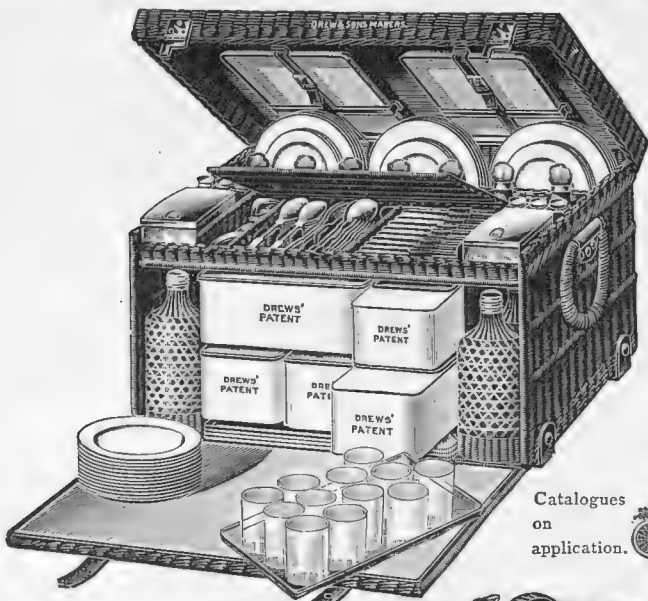
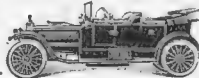
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PRACTICAL
FOR SHOOTING
COACHING,
THE MOORS
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Two, Four, Six, and
Eight Person sizes.

Special Baskets
made to fit the avail-
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Advice, plans, and
estimates free of
charge.

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on
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DREWS' NEW MODEL PATENT £2 10 "EN ROUTE" TEA BASKET,

Invaluable to all Travelling.

A Necessary Equipment to Every Motor-Car.

A Cup of Tea in a Few Minutes.

FOR TWO PERSONS.

Size 12 in. long, 7 in. wide, and 8 1/2 in.
deep, very light, and easily carried
in the hand.

With Silver-plated Kettle £2 10 0
With all fittings Silver-plated 3 3 6

FOR FOUR PERSONS.

Size 15 in. long, 9 in. wide, and 10 in.
deep.

With Silver-plated Kettle £3 15 6
With all fittings Silver-plated 4 16 6

Sent carefully packed to all parts.



A Handsome and
Really Useful
Wedding Present.

To avoid delay Cheques should accompany orders by
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FAIRY EYEGLASSES

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These glasses mark the last word in scientific eye-
glass perfection. Their unique lightness and elegance,
their power of enhancing the beauty of the eyes and
attractiveness of the expression, coupled with their
durability and excellent fit, have made 'Fairy' Eyeglasses
the favourites of discriminating people everywhere.

'FAIRY' BOOK AND DETAILS OF SEVEN DAY TEST-FREE

The 'Fairy' method of adjustment is the only one
affording absolute satisfaction. Genuine 'Fairy'
Eyeglasses have 'Fairy' stamped beneath the bridge.
Refuse imitations: Obtainable of all high-class Opticians.

Your present Spectacles or Folders can be
converted into 'Fairy' Glasses—send them
along for estimate of cost without delay.

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Healthy and Beautiful Skin

is more desirable than good features, and is much easier
to obtain. The irresistible attraction of a beautiful
complexion is assured to every lady who uses daily

Shem-el-Nessim^{REGD} Toilet Cream

Perfumed with the Scent of Araby.

It keeps the skin free from blemish and renders it
white and supple in spite of wind or sun.
FREE FROM GREASE, it is rapidly absorbed by
the skin, and does not promote the growth of down or
superfluous hair.

SAMPLE POT, WITH NAME OF NEAREST AGENT,
sent **POST FREE FOR 1/9.**

J. GROSSMITH & SON (Gt.), Newgate St., LONDON.

PEPS

Unequalled For
COUGHS, COLDS & BRONCHITIS.

THE change from Summer to Autumn
catches most of us napping, and
the only way to ward off coughs and
colds and avert serious danger to the
lungs is to depend upon Peps, the new
and successful breatheable tablets, which contain in
a concentrated form the 'chest-strengthening and
lung-healing balsams of the pine forest.

The Peps way of treating the lungs and throat is
to introduce direct into the throat and lungs through
the breath a valuable medicine which has been
found most effective in curing chest troubles.
Divested of its wrapper and placed in the mouth,
the Peps tablet slowly dissolves, and during that
process the unique medicinal fumes are released and
penetrate with the breath through the air passages.

Thus, soreness in the chest is
removed; the delicate mem-
brane is made germ-proof,
phlegm is loosened from
the throat, and the
most obstinate
cough is
speedily
cured.

Free from
harmful drugs.
Peps are good
for young and
old.



"A Pine Forest in Every Home"

IRISH LINEN

At **ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S.**

Irish Household Linens.

Linen Damask Table Cloths in Satin
Stripe, Floral and other Designs.—2 by 2
yds., 8/6 each; 2 by 2 1/2 yds., 10/8 each.
Napkins to match, 1 1/2 by 1 1/2 yd., 8/9; 2 by
2 yd., 13/5 dozen.

Shamrock and other Designs.—Cloths,
2 by 2 1/2 yds., 9/10 each; 2 1/2 by 3 yds., 16/3
each. Napkins to match, 2 1/2 by 2 1/2 in.,
11/4 dozen.

Hemstitched Linen Sheets, 2 by 3 yds.,
17/6 pair; 2 1/2 by 3 yds., 22/6 pair.
Hemstitched Linen Pillow Cases, 20 by 30
in., 5/- pair; 20 by 32 in., 5/10 pair.
Grass Bleached Linen Towels, Hem-
stitched, 12/6 dozen.

Irish Collars.

"Castle" Collars, linen faced (the styles
include the newest and the old-style
designs also), per dozen, double
shapes, 5/11; single shapes, 4/11

Carriage Paid
on orders of
£1 and upwards.

Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd.,

By Appointment to Their Majesties,

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BELFAST.

LONDON.

LIVERPOOL.

Irish Linen Handkerchiefs.

Ladies' all-linen, hemstitched, 2/11 to
12/6 per dozen.

Ladies' Linen Initial Handkerchiefs, any
initial, 6/3 to 13/6 per dozen.

Gentlemen's Cambric Handkerchiefs,
tape or corded borders, about 21 in.
square, 5/3 to 8/11 per dozen.

Gentlemen's Initial Handkerchiefs, pure
linen, finely hemstitched, about 19 1/2 in.
square, 8/6 to 15/8 per dozen.

Irish Shirts.

"Matchless" Shirts, with fine four-
fold fronts and cuffs, for dress or day
wear (to measure 2/- per half 35/6
dozen extra) .. per half dozen



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FIRE AND
LIFE . . .
ASSURANCE
CORPORATION, LTD.

Established 1885.

Claims Paid £4,000,000. Assets nearly £2,000,000.

CHIEF OFFICES:
General Buildings, Perth, Scotland.
General Buildings, Aldwych, Strand,
London, W.C.

F. NORIE-MILLER, J.P.,
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THE MOST COMPREHENSIVE MOTOR CAR POLICY

Providing

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SEPTEMBER 16.

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SEPTEMBER 16.

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Continued.

to his sun, why could she not see the incongruity of being handed *foie gras* sandwiches by a hostess who lectured her on buying blouses without a pedigree? Sauce for the seamstress is also sauce for the goose. But this is all, perhaps, a little too heavy on a book whose hero adopts such beautiful attitudes, among women who are exquisite and of irreproachable social tone.

"The Country of the Blind, Etc."

By H. G. WELLS.
(Nelson.)

Mr. Wells has emptied a number of small pots into one big one, and turned out the whole on a dish of Messrs. Nelson's providing. By way of laying a cloth for the meal, he has written a quite literary introduction, and Shavian to the length of containing some of the best things in the book. Mr. Wells has ceased to write short stories. "In the presence of so conclusive an ebb and cessation an almost obituary manner seems justifiable," as he observes. Brief though they be, these tales provide examples of the various familiar phases of his art; of each of them, perhaps, except the latest—the Machiavellian. Many, like "The Stolen Bacillus," were born in the laboratories at South Kensington, others recall the sociology of "Kipps," or the fantasies of "Tono Bungay," or the ingenuities of "The Invisible Man." With all their variations of matter and manner and epoch, they bear one ever-obvious quality, an exuberant vitality. Before being artist or observer or raconteur, Mr. Wells is emphatically a man, and a man who is intensely alive. He is neither ancient nor a mariner, but we just have to listen to him, and we read gladly everything he chooses to write. The same quality may probably be thanked for his complete emancipation from any journalistic flavour. Effort after effect or careless platitude are equally non-existent. Even on a subject like Rome he can be himself, untouched by modern triteness or preciosity—"that pale, brown, cleanly city of memories that was once the world." The story of "The Country of the Blind," which is almost the last, has as much philosophy as imagination. The strange race of men shut in a valley like a casserole among the Peruvian snow-mountains, and blind to the fifteenth generation, with whom the "names for all the things of sight had faded and changed," with whom "the story of the outer world was faded and changed to a child's story," is a haunting conception. And the climber, shot down into their midst from unimagined heights of snow, who hoped, by virtue of his sight, to reign over them (for he remembered an old proverb, "In the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king"), and who served instead as a tolerated idiot—he is haunting, too. Such

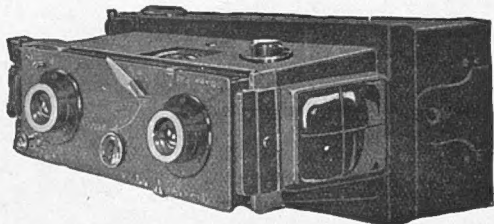
tales, with Mr. Wells's talent at its very best, could bear any test the short-story critic cared to impose—even the "infernal comment" which was invented either by Mr. Garnett or George Moore.

The better half of the Bailey-Westenra wedding-presents were diamonds. Sir Abe's own gift to the bride consisted of a diamond stomacher, a diamond necklace, and a diamond tiara. Then there was the diamond ornament, to serve either as necklace or tiara, from the bride's parents. These, and the diamond hair-ornament from Sir Leander Jameson, perhaps betrayed a certain lack of a preconcerted plan among the generous donors. But they speak of United South Africa, where Sir Abe Bailey and his best man, Sir Leander Jameson, both built their fortunes out of the precious stones. At yet another wedding of last week diamonds were scattered almost with the profusion of confetti. In this case the connection with the mines was less complete, albeit the bride, Miss Gladstone, calls cousins with the Commissioner-General.

To find the names of Mr. Mostyn Pigott and Mr. W. K. Haselden, not to mention Messrs. J. W. Simpson, E. J. Sullivan, Mark Allerton and "Mark Over," on the cover of a book as co-laborators, with pen or pencil, as the case may be, is a sufficient guarantee that the book in question will be amusing. This is abundantly the case with "Wisdom Compressed," an excellent shilling's-worth of humour, "containing," so the title-page claims, "the soul of twentieth-century wit and philosophy." The literary portion of "Wisdom Compressed" consists mainly of a great number of epigrams, short and smart, such as: "The Scotsman keeps the Sabbath and everything else he can lay his hands on. The Welshman prays on his knees on Sunday and on his neighbours on week-days." "To be weighed in the social scale, it seems necessary to have a cash balance." "The reputations of some men are so bad that it might be better to lose them entirely." "Some are born widows, some achieve widowhood, others have widows thrust upon them." The illustration to this last piece of compressed wisdom is by T. R. Dewar, as are others, though this artist's name is not on the title-page. The bulk of the drawings are from Mr. Haselden's inimitable pencil. Mr. Mostyn Pigott writes on "Evolution and Tubes"; Mr. Mark Allerton on "The Humours of Hats." The book is edited by "Mark Over," and is safe to bring down a heavy bag of purchasers.

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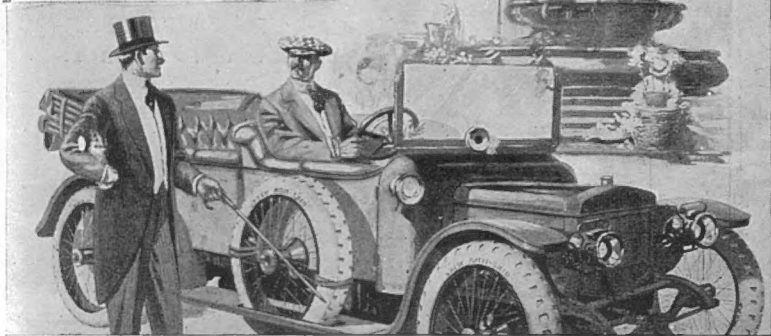
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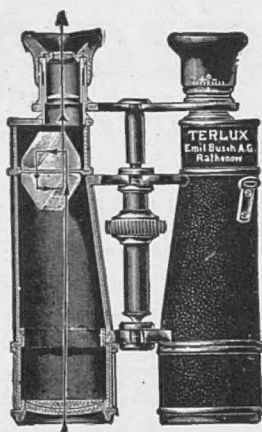
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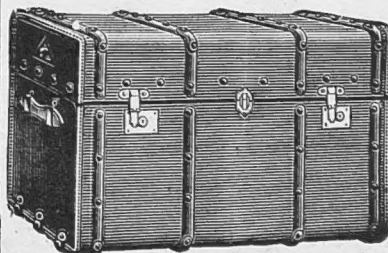
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750 by 85...	1 10 8	2 15 9	1 5 1	—	—	—	0 19 6	1 15 7	0 16 1
760 by 90...	1 12 0	3 0 0	1 7 0	2 14 5	3 17 9	1 3 4	1 5 7	2 6 6	1 0 11
810 by 90...	1 15 6	3 4 7	1 9 1	2 18 5	4 3 6	1 5 1	1 7 4	2 9 9	1 2 5
870 by 90...	1 18 1	3 9 4	1 11 3	3 3 3	4 10 4	1 7 1	1 10 2	2 14 11	1 4 9
910 by 90...	2 0 3	3 13 3	1 13 0	3 6 8	4 15 3	1 8 7	1 10 5	2 15 4	1 4 11
760 by 100...	1 16 3	3 6 0	1 9 9	2 15 6	3 19 6	1 4 0	1 8 5	2 11 9	1 3 4
810 by 100...	1 18 11	3 10 10	1 11 11	2 19 6	4 5 0	1 5 6	1 9 5	2 13 7	1 4 2
870 by 100...	2 1 2	3 14 10	1 13 8	3 4 4	4 15 0	1 10 8	1 13 0	2 3 0	1 7 0
910 by 100...	2 2 11	3 18 0	1 15 1	3 7 9	4 19 3	1 11 6	1 13 3	3 0 6	1 7 3
815 by 105...	2 0 5	3 13 6	1 13 1	3 2 1	4 8 9	1 6 8	1 9 10	2 14 3	1 4 5
875 by 105...	2 3 7	3 19 3	1 15 8	3 7 6	4 16 4	1 8 10	1 13 3	3 0 6	1 7 3
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